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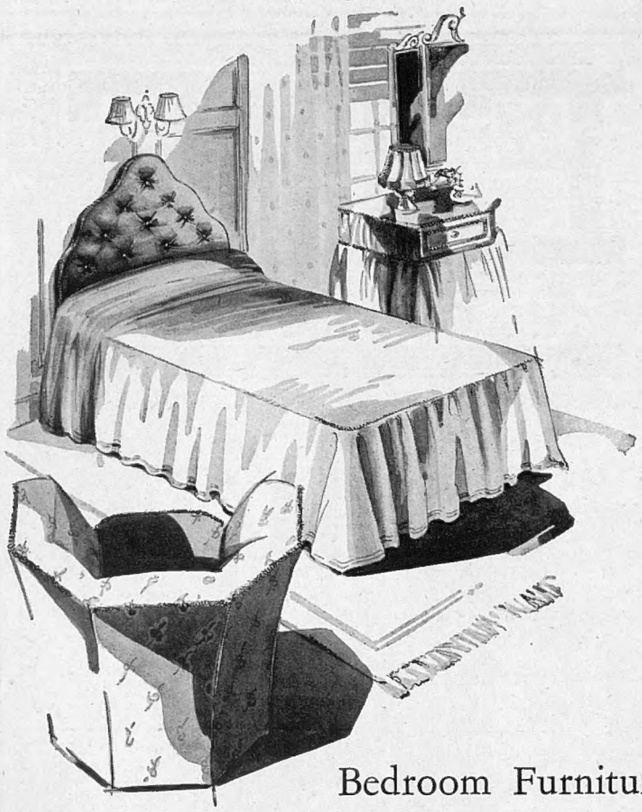

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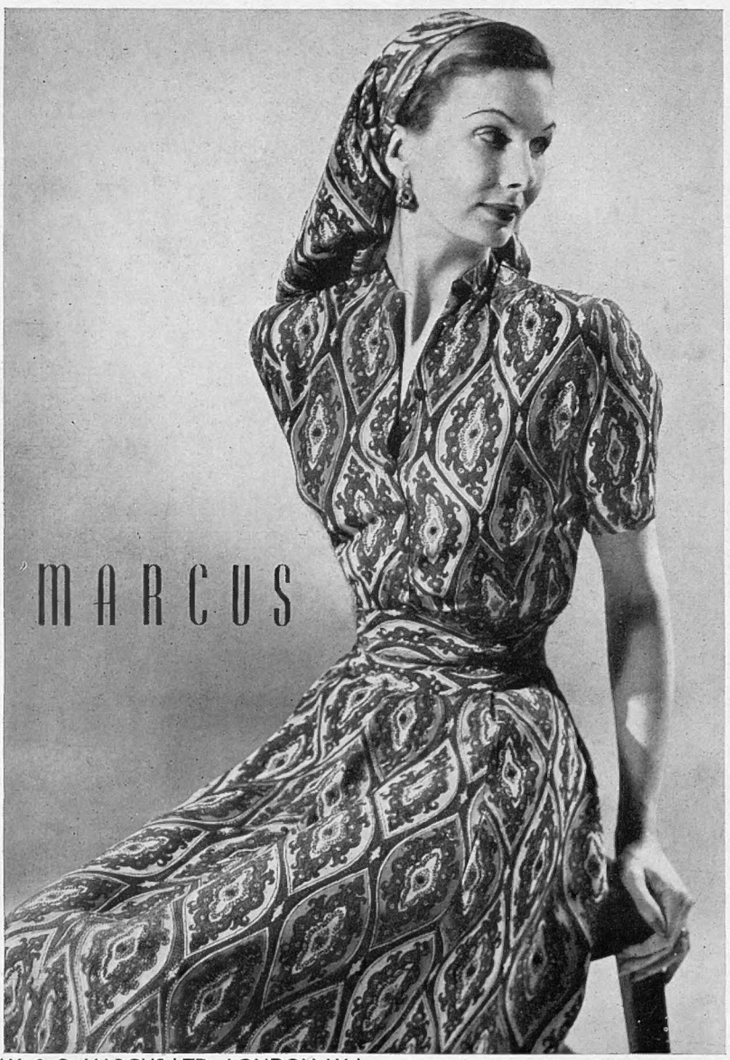

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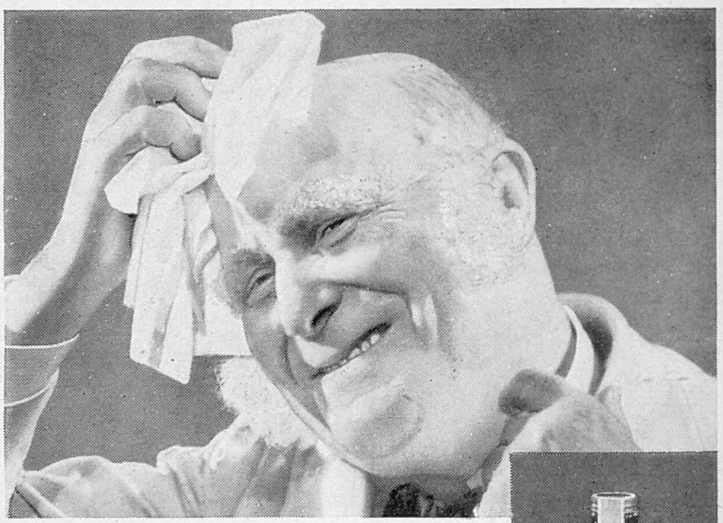


I'VE FAIRLY BEEN RUSHED OFF MY FEET says OLD HETHERS

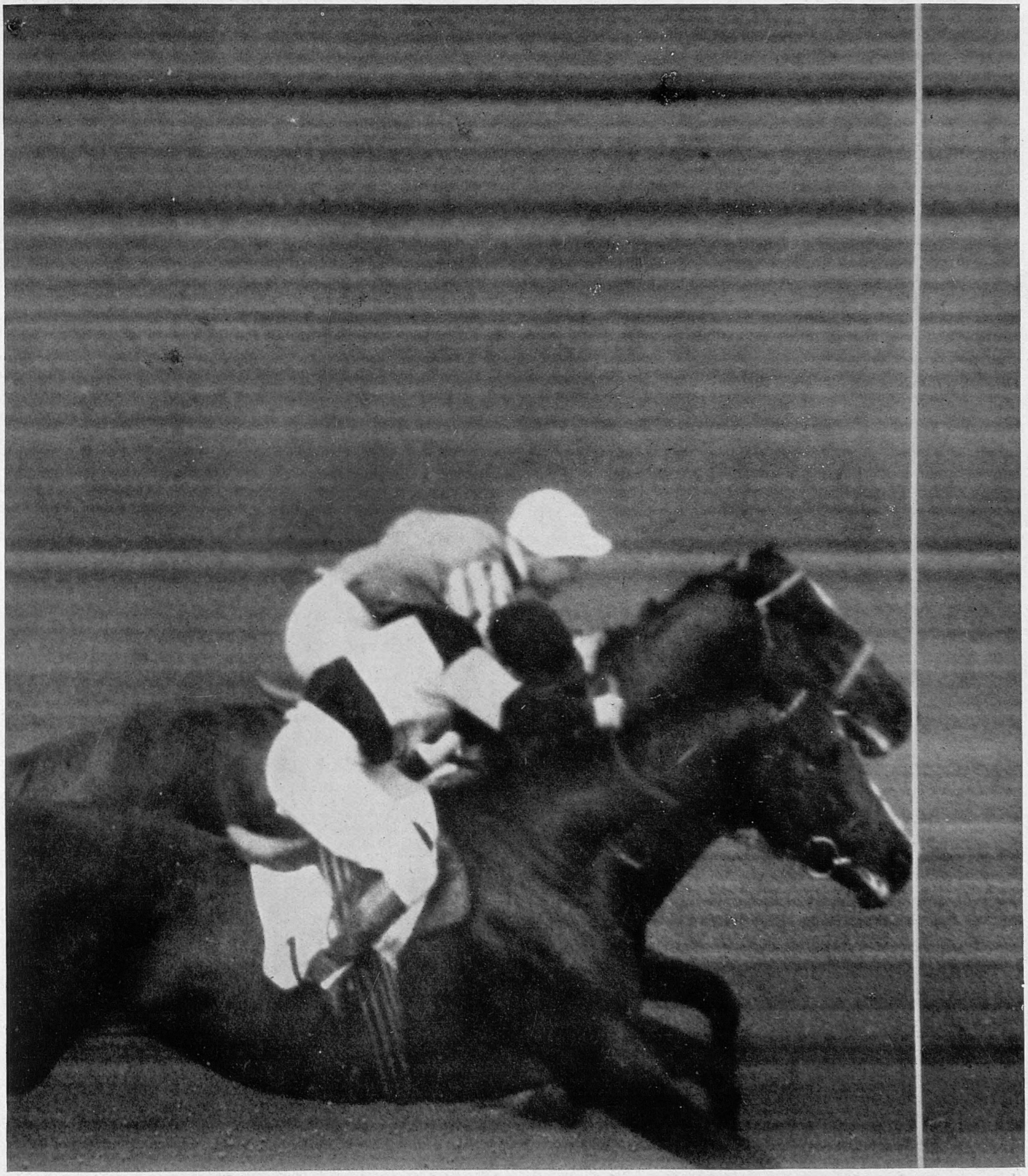
Ever since Robinson's Lemon Barley Water came back in bottles it's been 'Hethers, another glass, please'; 'Hethers, some more Robinson's'; Hethers here, there and everywhere. But bless you madam, it's been a pleasure to see you all enjoy yourselves and hard work never killed anyone. It's one of nature's artful dodges, to make a drink taste so nice, that's so good for everyone. Certainly, madam, and another glass for the little one too? Coming, sir.

Robinson's
LEMON BARLEY WATER

CVS-156

Volume CXCIII No. 2520 The SPHERE, London, May 22, 1948

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE PHOTO-FINISH CAMERA RECORDS A DEAD-HEAT—LAURENTIS (No. 1), THE ODDS-ON FAVOURITE, AND ROCOCO, SECOND FAVOURITE, REACHING THE LINE AT THE SAME MOMENT AT THE END OF THE 1½-MILES BURWELL STAKES AT NEWMARKET: This is the second dead-heat recorded on an English racecourse by the photo-finish camera. If the race had been a foot shorter Laurentis would have won by inches; if it had been a foot longer Rococo would have got the verdict

When the photo-finish camera was first introduced to English racecourses, there were many who doubted whether it would ever show a dead-heat. It happened for the first time at Doncaster last autumn, and again last week in the Burwell Stakes at Newmarket. Laurentis was ridden by Gordon Richards and Rococo by that improving jockey Ken Gethin. As the horses came to weigh-in there was considerable betting on the likely verdict, and when the photo dead-heat was signalled there was confusion in the ring as to whether bets on the photograph, as opposed to the actual race, were void, or also came under the dead-heat rules. The Tattersall's Committee ruling is that such bets come under the normal dead-heat rules. During the same afternoon the judge called for a photograph to decide the winner in two other races. This is the first time the camera has decided the issue three times in a day. It is difficult to realize now how the Turf ever got along without it.

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

Gleams of Sanity.—Gleams of sanity in our befogged and troubled world are rare and welcome. The news out of Jerusalem is such a gleam, and comes from the very centre of Bedlam. Sound sense was *talked* at The Hague, too, on a much larger scale—a scale so large, an organisation so complex that translation into practice must lie years ahead, and only words can be expected yet. But sane words are welcome always and anywhere. There are all too many of a heady and irresponsible kind poured out every day. Jerusalem is the heart and centre of modern Bedlam, and the news that practical action may follow sane counsels and spoken pledges in such a storm centre is the most encouraging we have read for years. It is almost too good to be true that Jerusalem should be demilitarised and preserved—as a Holy City should be—as a refuge, sanctuary and hospital for all suffering peoples. On the top of these welcome surprise packets came news from Moscow itself that the U.S.S.R. had accepted the U.S. proposal to open discussions on differences between the two countries in the occupied zones. I could hardly dare to hope that so soon I might crown myself as a true prophet of optimism!

Russia and America.—Journalism is well named. It is ephemeral stuff. It records the hopes and fears of a day, forgotten tomorrow, or written off. And—for that matter—history and biography are never definitive or not so until centuries of time have passed to render correctives unlikely. And (if it come to that) we are only just beginning to learn how our forebears lived in Maiden Castle in the Flint Age! With this preface and apologia, back to yesterday and the large hope raised by the Russian broadcast that Stalin had "seen the light," or taken note of the fog, and was ready to start again by thrashing out the acute differences between U.S. and U.S.S.R. which have botched all hopes of peace and created a world-wide war scare. No doubt, it was barbarous diplomatic usage, that broadcast of confidential diplomatic exchanges, distorted. No doubt, America is right to press for the use of existing councils and to reject bilateral negotiations which would eliminate her own (and Russia's) equal partners and allies. No doubt Mr. Marshall and Mr. Bevin know more and probably better than we. Yet the doubt remains whether a chance may not have been missed. It is not in dispute that the Russians are not in the same century with the Western Allies in the conventions of diplomacy and other civilised traditions. Perhaps that knowledge *was* taken into account, and yet failed to dispel the very justifiable suspicion of Russian motives. But, if henceforth neither Britain nor America will meet Russia, conventionally or unconventionally, bilaterally or multilaterally, to discuss present misunderstandings, unless and until *success is assured*, then, indeed, the future is gloomy. To me, at any rate, conditions are now so bad and mad and dangerous that the fear of one more conference failure is not a valid ground for refusal to try again. I doubt if the ordinary man in England and America would be shocked by another failure to such an extent as to justify a refusal to chance a long shot.

Splendide Mendax.—When it comes to lying, there are two schools of thought. One lays it down that a lie to succeed must contain as large as possible a proportion of truth, so that the false percentage may escape investigation on the merits of that part which will stand investigation. The other school believes that the bigger the lie, the better the chance of success. Stalin is of the latter school—a whole-hog Ananias. His history of World War II "as she was wrote" for VE-day in Moscow, was lying on the colossal scale. It appears that from 1939 onwards Russia "stood alone" against despotism and could have "done the job" much quicker but for the machinations of the Western Democracies, who kept the war going for their own capitalistic and imperialistic aims. It is not to be supposed that Stalin hoped to win a believer in his history outside the lunatic asylums anywhere in Europe, even Russian-controlled Europe. The fearful reflection is that there are probably many millions of adults in Russia so circumstanced as to accept Stalin's version as gospel.

CONTINENTAL POLICE CHIEFS AT A LONDON CONFERENCE—THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE OF THE INTERNATIONAL CRIMINAL POLICE COMMISSION AT SCOTLAND YARD: The terms of reference of the Conference were to devise improved means of dealing with international criminals and with terrorists, and the meetings were attended by some of Europe's greatest criminologists. The chief of the French Sûreté, M. Boursicot, and Sir Harold Scott, Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, were both present. Seated around the table, reading from left to right, are: M. Ducloux of France; Mr. Soderman of Sweden; M. Nepote of France; Mr. R. M. Howe, Assistant Commissioner and C.I.D. Chief of Scotland Yard; Herr Werner Muller of Switzerland, and M. Louwaage of Belgium

First Things First.—For some time past ordinary folk who use their powers of reasoning have been struck by the apparent irrelevance of so much that is given priority to-day. It is as if even our leaders lived in two distinct worlds, or passed one-half of their day in one and one-half in the other. All agree that a frightful menace to civilisation, to mankind, lies round the corner, though not all are agreed as to its nature. It is atom warfare, or world domination by Communists or mass starvation within a decade for all living men. Whatever the bogy be (and the first two alternatives would soon lead to the last which, in a matter of months, would put paid to *all* human activities), the awful thing ahead is admittedly large enough to render trivial and irrelevant a great proportion of the immediate aims and concerns of statesmen. For example, if we are about to be plunged in atom war, it may be sensible to spend one-third of the national income on armaments, but it could hardly be justified to concern oneself with building a new House of Commons, or putting up a pre-fab. If, on the other hand, within five years *homo sapiens* may be clubbing his neighbour for possession of the last cabbage stalk, the money spent on armaments were better gambled away in scientific experiments to combat soil-erosion: and in either case, it must be sheer waste of time to plan and carry out vast schemes for the welfare and security of the population, let alone to indulge in purely ornamental matters, such as conferring titles and ribbons on the cave-men of 1953, the troglodytes of to-morrow! Sir John Boyd-Orr and his strong following are quite certain that mass-starvation is round the corner. There are many in America and elsewhere who expect total war within a year or two, and the menace of Communism obsesses the minds of millions in western Democracies. There then lie excuses, if not justification, for muddle-minded men and irrelevance in our leaders—the very nature of the latest menace is far from agreed, and every generation of human history has enjoyed its bogy, which has not always materialised. In short, a Government must carry on on the assumption that all is *not* lost. But those partisans who are willing to list irrelevancies place high on the list the nationalisation of the steel industry in Britain to-day. Of our vital industries, it is the only one impregnably acknowledged as successful, and its continued success is important, whether we may expect world war or mass starvation; while the vital time to be spent in tinkering with it is mortgaged to safety measures of immediate urgency up to the hilt. In short (it is very widely argued) there may be some justification for a national health service, a few new houses, a new batch of K.B.E.s, but absolutely none at all in nationalising iron and steel.

Peril to National Art Treasures.—The controversy on the cleaning of masterpieces at the National Gallery now takes a new turn (and a new lease of life, I fancy) with the published summary by the President of my college (Trinity, Oxford) of the experts' report. These experts take the war into the enemies' country. They whitewash the washers and declare that the danger lies not in cleaning but in neglecting to clean the pictures. They declare their opinion that the criticised cleanings have not only rendered the subjects far more beautiful, but (much more controversial) have given to all of them a new and needed lease of life. They add that the danger lies among a huge majority of our national treasures which have *not* yet been selected for cleaning, but have suffered ravages from neglect in the past. If this does not prove a controversial verdict, I shall be surprised. In this connection I add a reflection. The man-in-the-street is vaguely and too easily satisfied of the immortality of works of art. All round him in his home or club he sees change and decay. His fabrics wear out, his books go mouldy, *his* pictures become mildewed, but he assumes that national treasures—once housed in a public gallery—are safe for all time. Thus he hails the welcome news that the treasures of Ham House have been bought cheap by the State, as a guarantee that they are safe for posterity for all time. But what is true of his own books and cabinets and paintings is just as true of national treasures of art. Unless constant watch is kept, unless the air circulates correctly, unless moth, rust, mildew and rot are not instantly combated, these works (as with man himself and all his works) suffer the inevitable fate of decay. To acquire a work of art is not enough. It is but a first stage in an onerous and elaborate trusteeship.

Shakespeare in Leicester Square.—I always enjoy the public's righteous indignation, which is expressed for the most part in letters to the Press; indignation about abuses, misuses and injustices. But I never expected to read an indignant protest at the neglect of the statue of Shakespeare in Leicester Square. That frightful monument—the gift of "Baron" Grant—has served its turn, has stood long enough to remind Londoners of their double shame:—

1. That London has no decent statue of our greatest poet.
2. That artistic taste once fell as low as Baron Grant's commissioned atrocity in Leicester Square.

For fifty years the London pigeons have shown the uses to which it should be put, and the sooner the horrid relic is ground to powder, the better for London's reputation. (*See* also p. 243 of this issue.)

THE OLD STAGER

A FIVE-DAY TRUCE IS SIGNED AFTER THE JEWISH DESCENT UPON HAIFA: Major-General Stockwell (centre), British Army Commander in the northern sector of Palestine, watching the preparation of the document which gave Haifa a five-day truce and gave the Arabs a chance to evacuate the town in an orderly manner after the panic and fighting of previous days. This Jewish success in Haifa was followed by another and more important agreement between Jew and Arab at Jaffa. The Jaffa agreement gives the Jews control of this once all-Arab city, and removes a formidable Arab enclave. At the time of the termination of the Mandate the Jews were able to proclaim that they held all the coastal plain, but how tight was their grip remained to be seen. Haganah Commandos were ready in some force to take the shock of Arab "invasion"

PALESTINE on the EVE

Scenes in the War-Torn Holy Land as the Mandate Came to an End

The Mandate for Palestine, assigned to Britain by the Supreme Council of the Allied Powers in 1920, and approved by the League of Nations in 1922, was formally terminated at midnight on May 15. The vast, unwieldy problem of Palestine now comes up for judgment before the United Nations, and a United Nations Commissioner, Mr. Harold Evans, an American Quaker, has been chosen as Municipal Commissioner in Jerusalem. As the Mandate drew to an end the chances of successful mediation by the United Nations seemed remote indeed, with Arab forces poised upon the frontiers of the Holy Land ready to strike against the Jews and their coastal belt of farms and factories. The Arabs approached the conflict confident that they could win the victory in an ordeal by battle, if only on the grounds of superiority in numbers. Nokrashy Pasha declared from Cairo that the Arab nations would countenance no setting up of a Jewish State. Twenty-four hours before the Mandate came to an end Jerusalem was cut off from the outside world and transmission of news messages had to come through Amman, the capital of Transjordan

ROAD-BLOCKS GO UP IN THE STREETS OF JERUSALEM: Empty oil drums filled with cement, wooden shuttering also filled with cement, and small boulders all being brought into service as the Arabs began blockading operations opposite Barclays Bank. In Jerusalem truce proposals were agreed upon by the Political Committee of the Arab League several days before the Mandate came to an end, but on every side in the city there was evidence of feverish activity, even though it may have been of an essentially defensive character. Hard by, in the mountains of Judæa, Arab levies were ready for the offensive

THE MAN "WHO WROTE HISTORY, MADE HISTORY AND LIVED HISTORY" ARRIVES IN NORWAY: Mr. Winston Churchill being accompanied from the airport by King Haakon on arrival at Oslo with Mrs. Churchill.

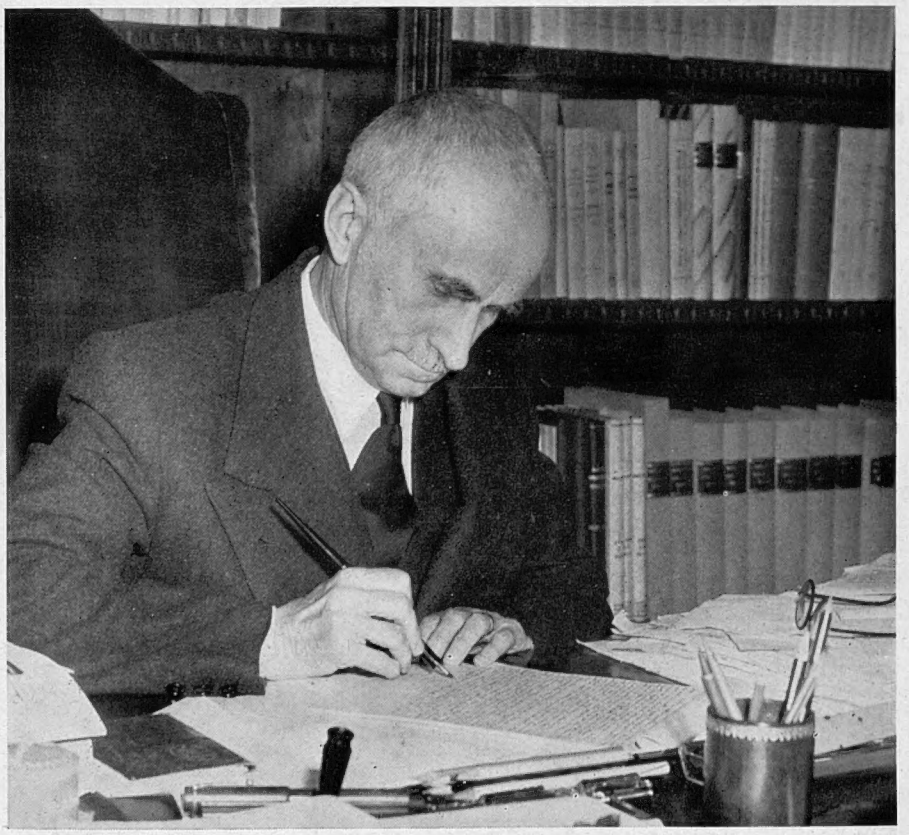
THE TRAVELLERS

Mr. Churchill in Oslo: The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh go to Paris: Bedell-Smith in Berlin

Tremendous excitement greeted Mr. Churchill's arrival. On May 12 he was created an honorary doctor of philosophy at Oslo University in the very same hall which in 1940 served as a German prison pen for Norwegian officers, and where in 1943, 1,500 students were herded together for transportation to German camps

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH ARRIVE IN PARIS FOR THEIR WHITSUN VISIT: Princess Elizabeth and Prince Philip seen as they left the night ferry which took them from London to Paris via Dunkirk. They reached the Gare du Nord soon after 9 a.m. on Friday May 14, and they drove straight to the British Embassy, where a suite was placed at their disposal for the week-end. Their first appointment was at the Élysée Palace, where the Princess was invested with the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour by M. Vincent Auriol, the President of the Republic

GENERAL BEDELL-SMITH GREETS MRS. LUCIUS D. CLAY: The United States Ambassador to Moscow and the wife of the United States Military Commander in Germany at Berlin's Tempelhof Airport. The Ambassador has recently held a series of conversations with Mr. Molotov, and it was thought at first that these were paving the way to Soviet-American talks. Last week, however, Mr. Truman announced that the talks were "off" and that everything that had to be done would be done through the United Nations



PROFESSOR EINAUDI IS ELECTED PRESIDENT OF THE ITALIAN REPUBLIC: The new President at work in the library of his fifteen-room villa in Rome. Professor Einaudi, who is aged seventy-four, was Budget Minister in Signor de Gasperi's Government. Following three inconclusive ballots by the Combined Houses of Parliament, he received in the fourth ballot 518 votes against 320 cast for Signor Orlando. A Liberal, Professor Einaudi is Italy's most distinguished economist. Before the war he held professorial chairs from which he was forced to resign owing to his opposition to Fascism

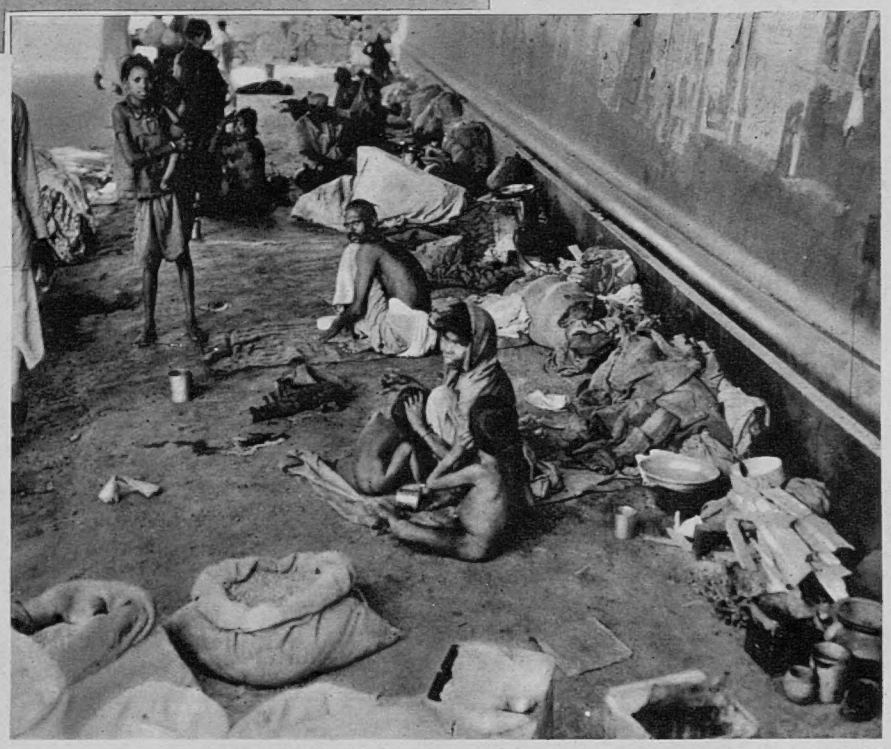
DELHI'S REFUGEE PROBLEM

Aftermath of the Punjab Exodus

When India and Pakistan achieved independence one of the greatest refugee problems of modern times was thrust upon the raw administrators of the sub-continent. As the tide of murder and looting swept across the vast plains of the Punjab the two-way exodus gathered pace, with Muslims making for the haven of Pakistan and Hindus and Sikhs trekking south into the Indian Dominion. Of these refugees, 500,000 crowded into the Indian capital of New Delhi, bringing the population of the city to 1,300,000. Some were accommodated in camps, some found rooms in existing houses, but the great majority had to fend for themselves in the streets and open spaces. Their plight has been pitiful, and it will be many a year before the administration can find homes for them. One of the pictures on this page shows a line of up-to-date stalls built essentially for refugees. This is a start in the right direction, but a few brick-built stalls will do very little to eliminate the thousands of shanties which now run the length of so many of the roads of Old Delhi. If peace comes to India's far north, it is possible that some of the refugees can be moved back

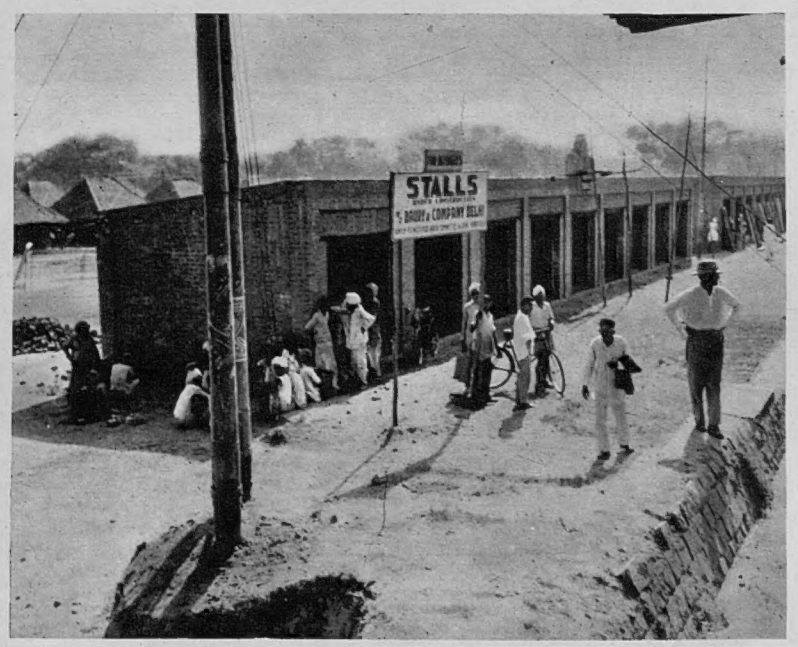
ON THE ROAD BETWEEN OLD AND NEW DELHI: Roughly constructed stalls lining the streets. They have been set up by some of the thousands of refugees who have swarmed into Delhi since the Punjab exodus

RUDE SHELTERS ON THE CHELMSFORD ROAD: This picture evidences the overcrowding to be seen on every hand in the Indian capital. The police find they are up against a well-nigh insurmountable problem

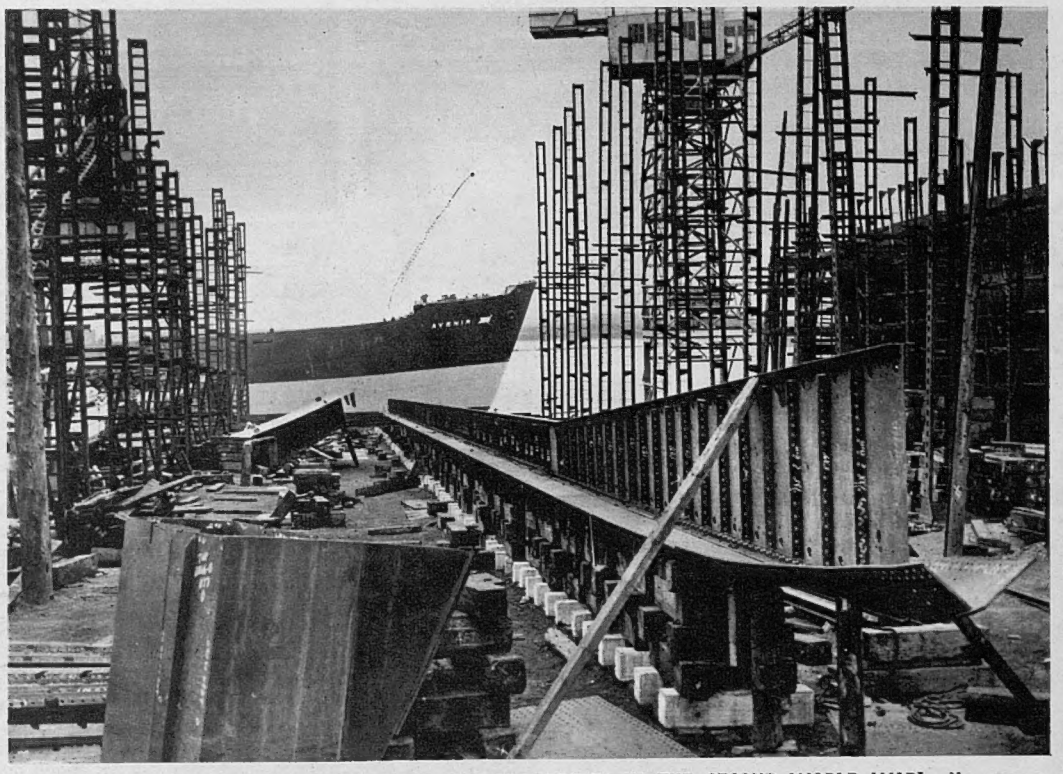


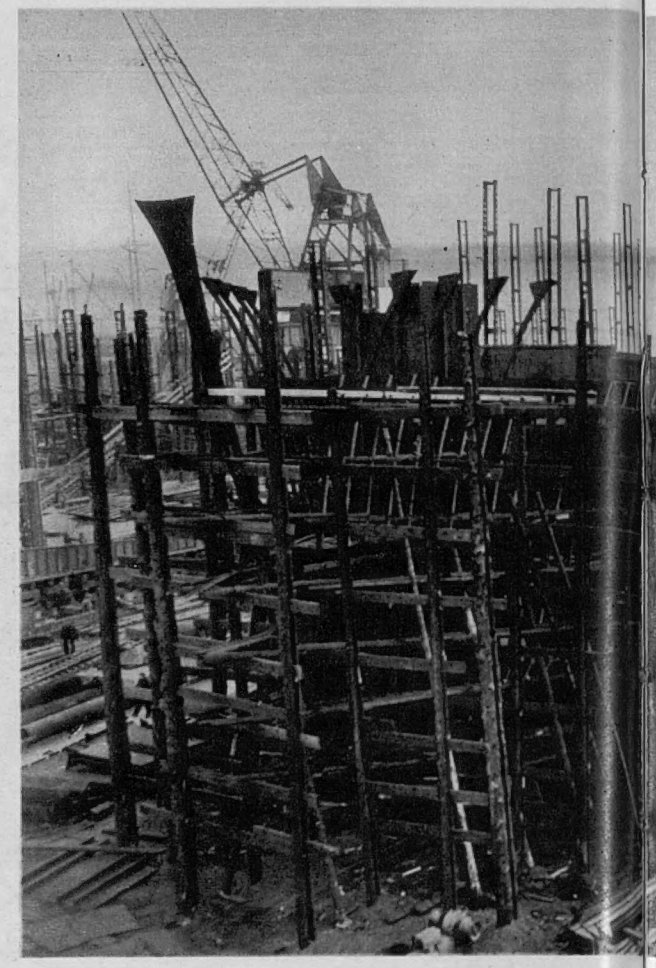
HERE THEY EAT, SLEEP, COOK, WASH AND HAVE THEIR WHOLE EXISTENCE: Refugees living under the arch of a road overpass on the outskirts of New Delhi. There is always a fear among the local authorities that a cholera epidemic will break out among these tragically-dispossessed people

CONNAUGHT CIRCUS, ONCE A FASHIONABLE SHOPPING CENTRE: The arcade is now thronged with vendors of cheap junk, at some points leaving little room for pedestrians. Here again, it seems, the police take no action against obstruction



THE GOVERNMENT MAKES AN EFFORT TO COPE WITH THE SITUATION: These stalls have been built for allotment to refugees selling foodstuffs. The stalls are rented to the refugees at about £3 or £4 a month



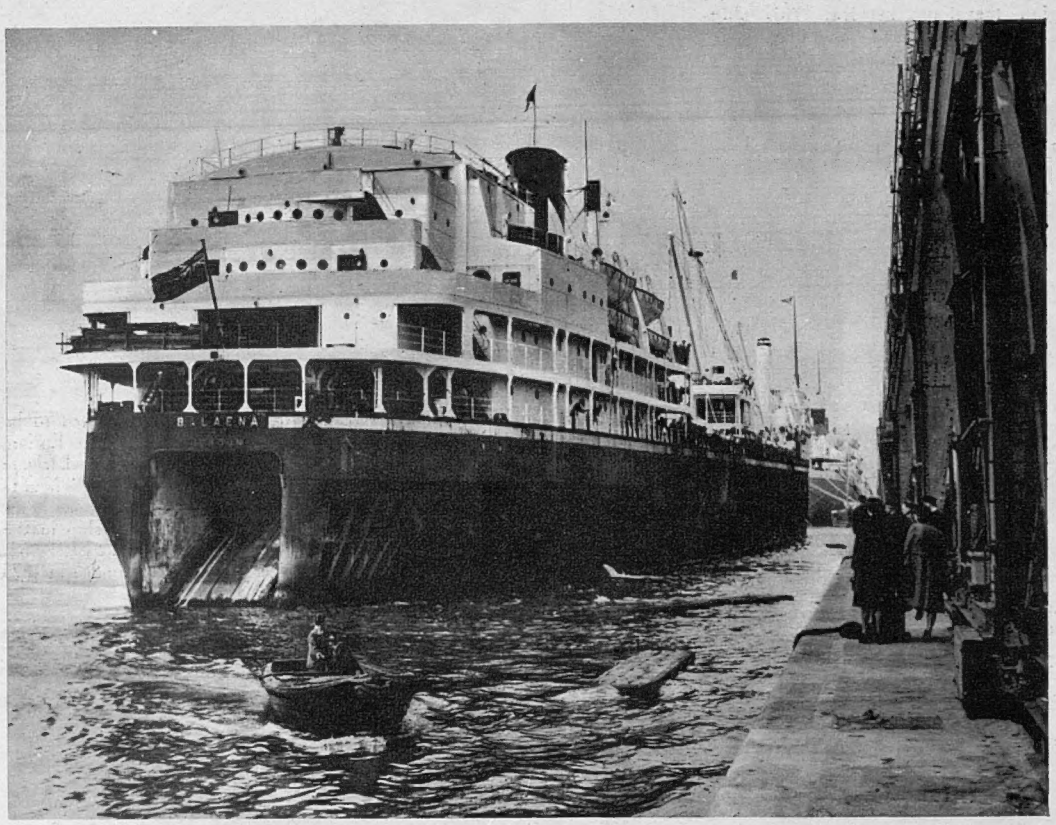


HELPING TO MAKE GOOD NORWAY'S VAST SHIPPING LOSSES IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR: No sooner had the S.S. "Avenir," which is seen in the background, been launched from Smith's yards on the Tees at Middlesbrough, than the keel of a sister-freighter was laid down. Smith's have at the present moment nine ships under construction for Norwegian shipping firms, and of these six are whaling ships. This particular firm specialises in whaling vessels, and is also building whalers for the British Antarctic fleet. War losses reduced the thirteen floating-whale factories operated by Norway to six vessels, but since 1946 replacement has gone ahead steadily. There are now being built in this country for Norway forty-six vessels of 207,000 tons gross, and altogether for Norway throughout the world, according to the latest returns, 102 ships of 516,000 tons gross

Shipping News in Pictures

NORWAY BUYS OUR SHIPS

The Whaler's Return and the "Pamir's" Departure: A British Entrant for the Bermuda Race

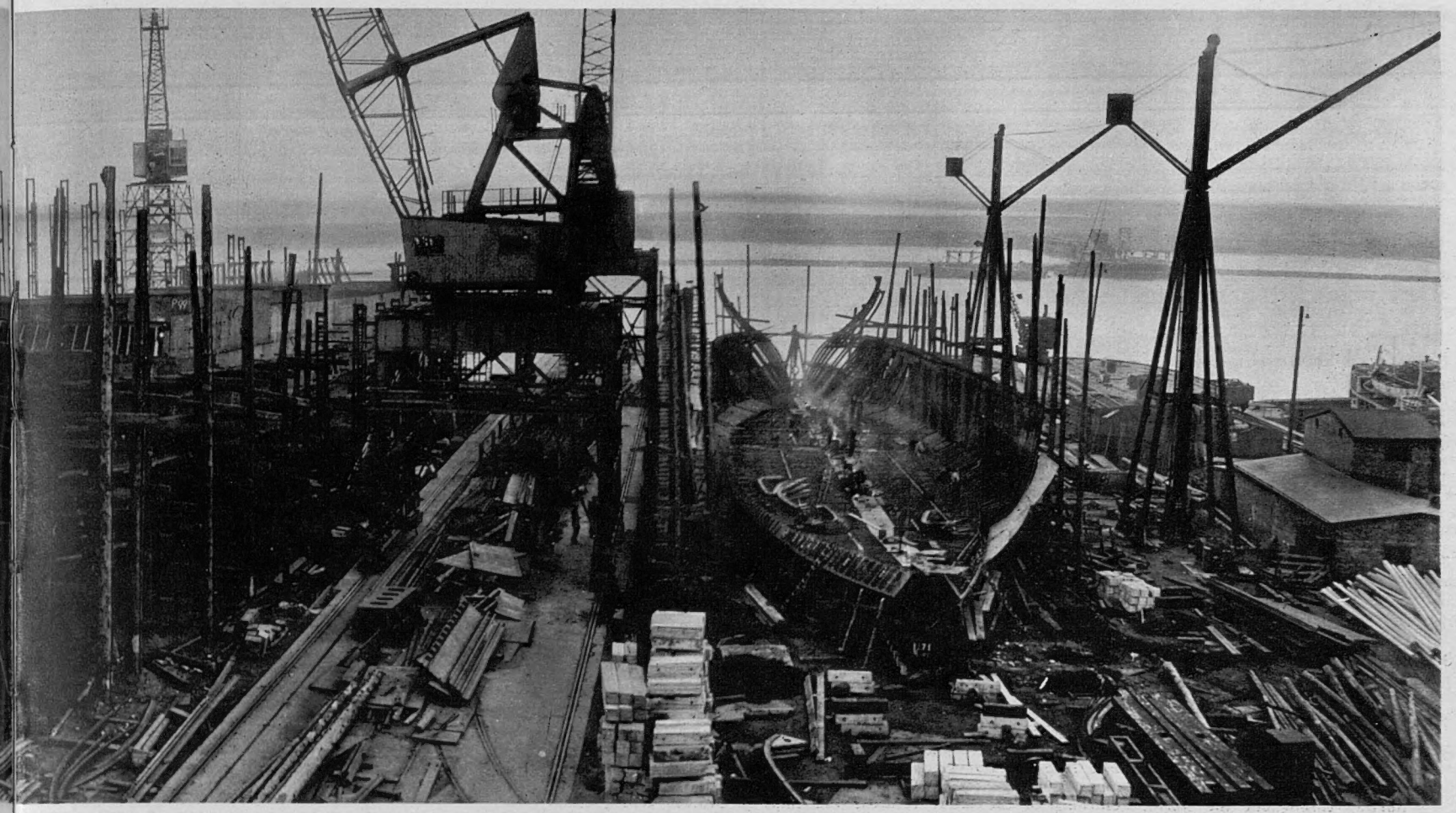


AFTER "A WHALE OF A TIME" IN THE ANTARCTIC: Ten-year-old Tulla Trouton holding two balæne, bone fins from a whale's mouth, trophies she brought back from her four-months trip in the *Balæna*

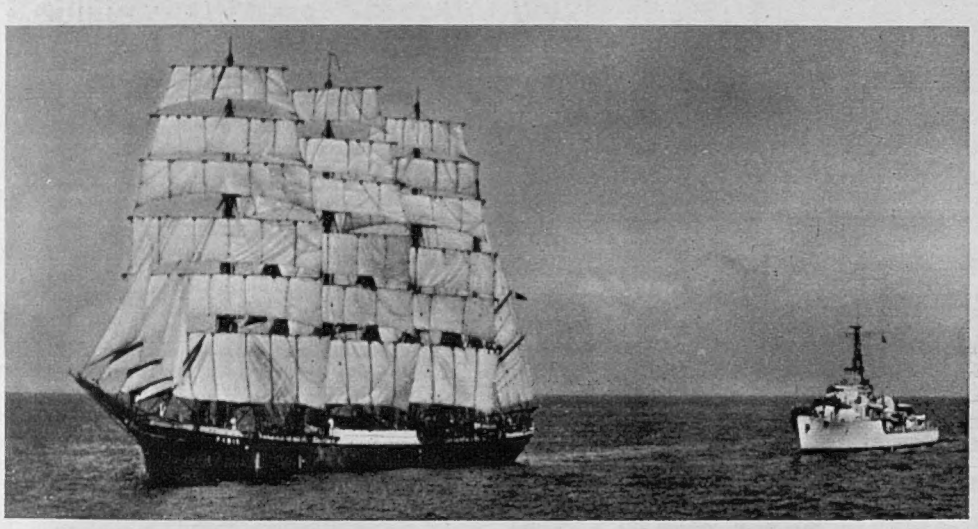
THE FLOATING STEAK FACTORY RETURNS TO BRITAIN: The whaling ship "Balæna" about to dock at Southampton after her latest visit to the whaling grounds of the Antarctic. The *Balæna*, which has now completed her second season, captured 3,000 whales during her four months in the Far South, including one monster 94 ft. long and weighing 180 tons. The value of her catch was £3,000,000. Besides 4,500 tons of meat, the *Balæna* produced some 163,000 barrels of edible oil, most of which will be used for margarine, 10,000 barrels of sperm oil, 170 tons of meat extract, and 3,200 tons of meat for cattle fodder. The *Balæna* had a crew of 70 British and 500 Norwegians. There were sixteen whaling fleets in the Antarctic during the season, and the *Balæna* handled about 10 per cent. of the total catch.

TERJE WAS ANOTHER PASSENGER IN THE WHALE-FACTORY SHIP: Kristen Boe, one of the 500 Norwegians manning the *Balæna*, seen with the ship's terrier, Terje

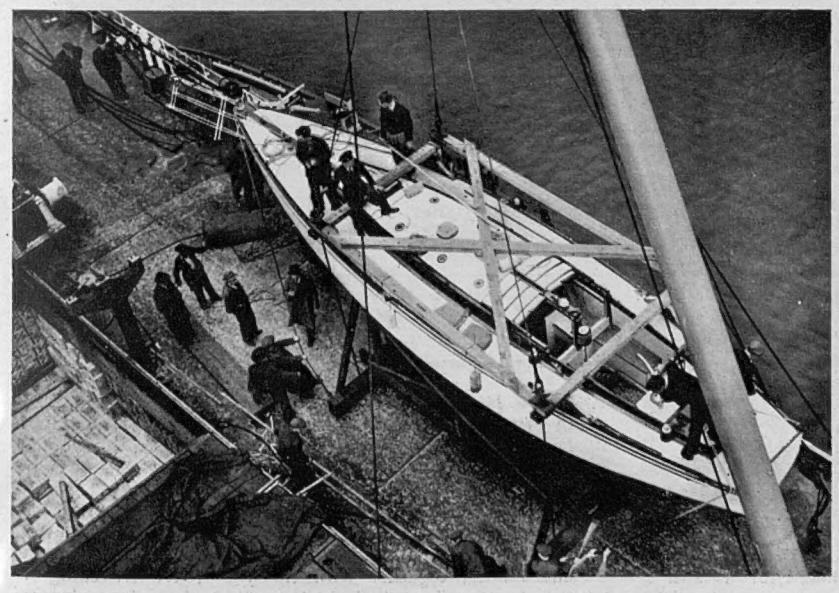
"MYTH OF MALHAM" HAS A MISSION ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC: This Clyde-built yacht is Britain's hope in the Bermuda Yacht Race, the 365-mile ocean contest from Rhode Island to Bermuda. The "Myth of Malham" is a 38-ft. cutter built by Hugh M'Lean, of Gourock, and since her launch in July 1947 she has proved to be a craft of exceptional merit. Her master is Captain John H. Illingworth, R.N., who, with his wife and family, together with the yacht, are travelling in the Anchor liner "Elysia" to New York in order to take part in the race. From New York the "Myth of Malham" will sail up the coast to Newport, Rhode Island



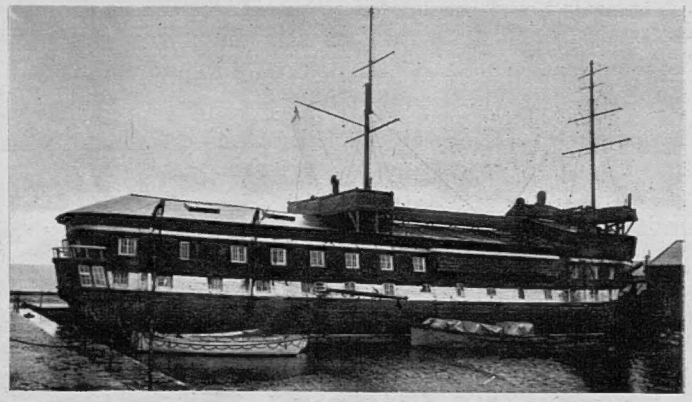
BUSY DAYS BY THE BANKS OF THE TEES: Two ships under construction in Smith's yards at Middlesbrough, both of them destined for the Norwegian merchant service. This shipbuilding firm has sufficient orders from abroad to keep it fully employed for three years



THE "PAMIR" IS HOMEWARD BOUND WITH A FULL CARGO: The celebrated barque about to contact the British destroyer "Zephyr" in the English Channel when her last mails were taken ashore and she received her last daily newspapers at the beginning of the long voyage to New Zealand. *Pamir* reached London from the Dominion at the end of last year, making the voyage round the Horn in fast time, and since then she has spent a month or two repairing gear in London Docks and has picked up cargoes in London and Antwerp. *Pamir* is a barque of 2,790 tons, and still bears the port of registration Mariehamn, a reminder of her one-time Finnish ownership



THE RACING YACHT "MYTH OF MALHAM" GOES ABOARD THE S.S. "ELYSIA": Britain's only entrant for the Bermuda Yacht Race being loaded on an Anchor liner at Glasgow. No British yacht has ever been successful in the race



WHERE MEN OF THE "NIGHT-SCHOOL NAVY" TRAIN: Believed to be the oldest warship in the world still afloat and flying the White Ensign, H.M.S. *Cressy*, formerly H.M.S. *Unicorn*, a 44-gun, three-masted frigate built at Chatham in 1824, is in Dundee Harbour training the "Night-school Navy." She is the headquarters ship of the R.N.V.R.; she has a jute manufacturer as captain, and she is probably the only ship in the Royal Navy to have a front door complete with knocker and letter-box. After being a Fleet ammunition ship, *Unicorn* came to Dundee in 1873

THE S.S. "VENUS" SAILS BENEATH TOWER BRIDGE: Norway's 6,300-ton passenger liner, now entering the Newcastle-Bergen service, paid a goodwill visit to the Thames, bringing over 200 passengers, many of them visitors to the British Industries Fair. She is believed to be the longest passenger ship ever to enter the Pool of London. Some of her passengers disembarked at Tower Pier, but others landed at Tilbury on the previous evening. The *Venus* was built originally in 1931. She was seized by the Germans in 1940 and later acted as a depot ship for U-boats. In April 1945 she was severely damaged in an air attack on Hamburg. She has been given a new stem and a new stern during a refit which has taken two and a half years

A CHECK FOR THE PRISONER OF YEU

The Plan to Secure Pétain's Release Misfires

By FERDINAND TUOHY

WHEN, at the end of 1945, Henri Philippe Pétain was at once reprieved from the firing-squad by General de Gaulle, one had the impression in France of putting a kind of disgrace out of the way and saying no more about it. Further afield, in other countries, the common reflection was: "Well, we 'll hear no more of him—not until news of his death."

But the other day the world outside France heard again of the man who saw himself as a reincarnation of the Sun King in the twentieth century, and it was not his death that made the news, but a movement for his liberation, so influential and therefore capable of adding serious political trouble to a grave time, that President Auriol felt compelled to scotch it.

The pro-Pétainists had made too much of a stir with their committee representative of the highest circles of church and academic life. Had the leaders gone about things more quietly, there was a strong chance that the ninety-two-year-old, heavily-tarnished "Hero of Verdun" would have been given back his liberty even more quietly—as quietly as he was taken up to a Pyrenean height after sentence, and none knowing where he had gone.

The committee was evidently carried beyond itself by the liberty allowed a Paris journal which sells openly on the streets and shrilly clamours—quite in the old style—for the release not only of Pétain, but of the ex-Royalist leader, Charles Maurras, as well, on the score that international events since the war have proved their policy was correct.

The bid was timed to coincide with the assured whitewashing of Weygand, who had been Pétain's Defence Minister, and was a kind of centrepiece of the movement to put back in civil circulation 100,000 former collaborationists who were publicly dishonoured. The "patriotic pull" of these people (it is argued) must not be lost to the present grievous struggle.

Large numbers of French people—the clergy, the devout and *bien-pensants*, ex-officers, even ex-Servicemen of the 1914 war, and very many women—have never considered that Pétain lost his honour; on the contrary, they keep a cult for him very green and vocal (I recall a heated train set-to after a former officer had insisted on referring to "Monsieur le Maréchal" and no "ex" about it).

The rise of Communism has nurtured this sentiment, not least among one-time Vichy-ites, many of whom have joined the Gaullist Rally and are now making their pro-Pétainism heard in that party. They base their cult and case on three premises: that Pétain believed he was acting in the best, conserving interests of his country; that he was eventually carried off as a prisoner by the Germans; and that the Paris court which tried a silent, disdainful old man was a Communist-packed and prejudiced organism.

Now to the other end of the story—to wit, to a small, disused but reconditioned fort on the tiny, flat, wind and wave-swept island of Yeu, off La Rochelle, Pétain's quite comfortable prison-house.

It isn't difficult to guess his sentiments on hearing of the check to his fortunes. Pétain was extremely annoyed that Paris had let him down. He lives in an astonishing mental world of freedom from all self-reproach. Not that it is a confused or doddering state common to humans in their tenth decade. The old fellow's thinking is as clear as his ruddy cheeks.

As when he insists that he saved many more French people than ever were killed by his policy; as when he keeps mum to certain official callers, relying on his conveniently deficient memory, but eagerly makes legal points when his lawyers call—Maîtres Lemaire and Isorni. Although there is, all the same, the *idée fixe* permeating Pétain's talk.

From the point of view of quarters, the former National Hero is not so badly off, considering that the Free French, in their London days, swore they 'd degrade Pétain at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, whether he could keep standing or not, prior to putting him before a squad at Vincennes.

Yeu is a distinct improvement on Urdos, where Pétain began his incarceration, 6,000 ft. up, in the same weeping, gaunt prison-house cut in the mountain rock, which his victims, Blum, Daladier and Reynaud, had experienced. For half the year, at any rate, the climate of Yeu is not so bad, and it is much nearer "civilisation" from the guards' standpoint.

Yeu is the smallest of the three islands forming the Pertuis Breton. The others are Oléron and Ré, and all three have prison or captivity associations. Napoleon waited at Oléron for the *Bellerophon* to take him to Plymouth, while the underground citadel of Ré for over seventy years housed convicts on their way to Cayenne and "Devil's Island," and to-day is host to hundreds of the worst collaborationists.

They are not all in the citadel. Some of the special cases are billeted on the Rétois. At the ocean end of Ré there is a house that must echo to Dante-esque polemics, for in one big, square room, day and night, are Henri Beraud, Stephanne Lausanne, Charles Maurras, and A. N. Other. Beraud once thundered that the English should be reduced to slavery, while "Lausanne," a borrowed plume which we changed to "Lousy," edited the German-bought *Matin*.

Yeu is over an hour from the mainland and, except in July and August, when trippers venture across, harbours only a few score fisherfolk and the ex-Marshal's guard of forty, as often as not North Africans. In return for cigarettes, they may allow you to observe through field-glasses a tall figure in civilian clothes, stamping round and round a small courtyard. This, the Prisoner of Yeu, may do whenever he likes. It is the only time outsiders can see Pétain, and they say he is as erect as ever, and that his snow-white hair and fresh, rosy complexion make a fine figure of extreme old age.

Normally, Pétain would be living out his days in a flat on the Boulevard Bourdonnais, in the way of old French soldiers of high estate, clustering at the last by the École Militaire. On Yeu he has what is tantamount to a second-floor flat of three rooms, a bathroom specially put in, and central heating. Very devout, the captive likes it to be monastically sparse of furniture, and the only picture in one room is of Charles de Gaulle, once sentenced to death by the man who thus honours him.

Pétain can listen to any radio programme he chooses, and any newspapers, periodicals, reviews and books are his for the asking. Yet—by a twist which allies itself with that *idée fixe* and convinces that the old man is not really "all there"—not all of the time—a period is usually spent on most days learning, or at any rate, bent over, a book that teaches English ("the language of my enemies").

Pétain is lucky, too, in regard to his food. He has had the nerve to complain of lack of balance in his diet, due to an excess of potatoes, but this calmly overlooks the fact that few days go by without his wife bringing along delicacies that keep arriving from various parts of France, and even on occasion from America.

This makes grey and grim-faced Madame unpopular with the fisherfolk, hard put to it to find adequate nourishment. The rumour is spread that she secretes messages from outside among the delicacies, and, as Pétain's heavy mail is censored, the thing is certainly not to be ruled out.

Madame Pétain is much younger than her husband, who married her when he was nearly seventy, after deciding (in his own words) that he would go off his head if he remained single any longer. The ministering wife lives at a small nearby hotel, and the only others allowed access to the prisoner are a local doctor, a priest, and the two lawyers from Paris. The officer commanding the detail of gaolers completes Pétain's circle.

The doctor says the prisoner is in remarkably sound condition; the priest says the prisoner has saint-like moments; the lawyers say the prisoner has his wits about him; the wife bitterly says she hoped a proper Government would by now have amnestied her man (and freed herself from the hostile Hotel des Voyageurs); and the prisoner himself is most pleased by the fact that he is still given a military salute.

You get your Pétain in his wily nonage by what happened last summer when M. Beteille, of the High Court of Justice, arrived to examine him in respect of revelations made by Abetz, former Nazi Ambassador to France. I was particularly interested because we were at breakfast at Baden-Baden when the news came through that Abetz had at last "spoken" in Paris of a "treasure box" he had buried near Freiburg.

There followed a day of unaccustomed excitement in the Black Forest.

But the box contained little save evidence that on January 2, 1942, Pétain had held a council at Vichy to debate a declaration of war on England.

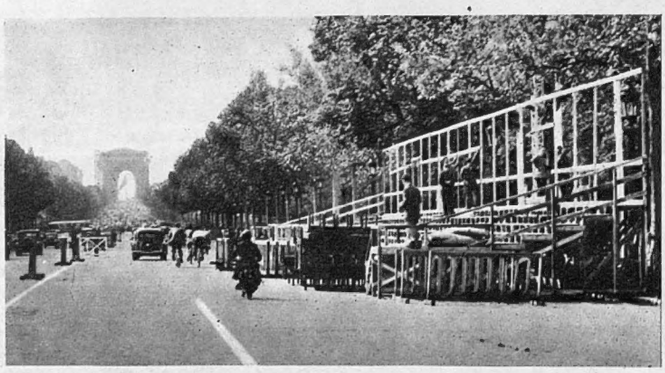
What had the Prisoner of Yeu to say about that?

He rapidly calculated that, the three others who were present all being dead (Darlan, Pucheu and Romier), he could afford to remember nothing on the subject.

But Pétain is able to remember anything liable to support his demand for a new trial. For example, he relates in detail how he refused to set up a puppet French Government in Germany, concerning which argument his wife has the face to add "like the French did in England."

Now that disillusionment has come with President Auriol's veto on the liberation committee, thoughts have not unnaturally turned back to ex-Marshal Bazaine, who got away from his island off Cannes, with complicity from outside, facilitated by bribery. Bazaine sought final sanctuary in Spain, a country with which Pétain also has had politico-military associations.

WEYGAND IS ACQUITTED!—AND CLEARED OF NATIONAL INDIGNITY: General Maxime Weygand, Commander of the French Army during the 1940 retreat and for a time Minister of Defence in the Vichy Government, seen in his Paris office after a commission of the High Court had cleared his name of the "national indignity" applied to all Vichy Ministers after the Liberation. It was Weygand's remark after Dunkirk, "England will have her neck wrung like a chicken within three weeks," which provoked Churchill's reply, "Some chicken, some neck." Weygand is now eighty-one years old. He was born in Brussels three years before the Franco-Prussian war



PARIS PREPARES FOR THE PRINCESS: Men engaged in constructing stands along the Champs Élysées prior to the arrival of the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh on their holiday visit during Whitsuntide

THE SOCIAL DEMOCRATIC PARTY MEET IN BERLIN AND RISE IN HONOUR OF THOSE WHO HAVE DIED FOR THE PARTY: This annual general meeting, which heard an address from its chairman, Franz Neumann, was attended by three Red Army lieutenants. When the gathering of 500 rose, two of the Russians rose with them, but the third pulled the other two by their tunics and they obediently sat down. *On left*—The three lieutenants who remained obstinately seated. The chairs on either side of them were not occupied, and most of the time they sat with their eyes glued to their programmes. They heard Franz Neumann deliver a slashing attack on the Communist Party in Saxony

FRANZ NEUMANN LASHES OUT AT THE COMMUNISTS: The chairman of the Social Democratic Party addressing delegates at the opening of the Berlin Convention. He declared: "Berlin is not a free city," and charged that the Communists in Eastern Germany are creating a new imperialism

THE GERMAN SCENE

Russian Observers at a Party Meeting: Spring Sowing in the Tiergarten

WHERE LOVERS ONCE STROLLED IN THE SPRING-TIME—BERLIN'S MOST BEAUTIFUL PARK IN PRE-WAR DAYS IS NOW A VAST MARKET GARDEN: A spring scene in the Tiergarten, which is being more intensively cultivated than ever this year in order to eke out the modest rations of the Berliner. In 1946 the Royal Engineers ploughed up the Tiergarten and a fair potato crop was grown. Now cultivation is more varied, and during the long evenings the allotments are thronged with Berliners intent on their planting. In the background is the Grosser Stern, symbol of German victory over the French in 1870

MARTIN BORMANN, JUNIOR, MAY GO BACK TO SCHOOL: This eighteen-year-old eldest son of Germany's Deputy Führer was found working on a farm near Berchtesgaden. He has been questioned at length by the United States authorities, but all that he was able to tell them was that he had not seen his father since 1944, and that he believes that his brothers and sisters are in Italy. He has been discharged and sent to a school at Ingolstadt

KING ABDULLAH OF TRANSJORDAN RECEIVES THE ASSISTANCE OF A NEIGHBOUR NATION—THE KING IN HIS CAMP AT MAFRAQ, 25 MILES FROM THE PALESTINE BORDER, WITH BRIGADIER-GENERAL TAHER (LEFT), WHO BROUGHT FROM IRAQ A BRIGADE OF 600 MEN WHICH HE PLACED AT THE DISPOSAL OF THE ARAB KING: On the right is another Iraqi officer and members of King Abdullah's Arab Legion. During recent weeks, when Jewish successes in Palestine have followed each other in quick succession, the greatest prize being the port of Haifa, Arab hopes have been pinned on King Abdullah, and it was at his conference at Amman that concerted action was planned by Palestine's neighbour Arab States. Syrian, Lebanese and Iraqi troops have all been preparing for the advance into Palestine in company with the Arab Legion of Transjordan

ARAB AND JEW BUCKLE ON THE SWORD

King Abdullah Receives an Iraqi Detachment —Haganah on Parade

EMPLACEMENTS ON THE JAFFA BOUNDARY: A member of the Palestine Police (right) talking with Haganah men behind their sandbag emplacement. Thirty yards away behind another emplacement are British troops who came into Jaffa to hold the balance following the fighting which broke out between Arab and Jew when Haganah sought to eliminate this Arab enclave in their coastal zone

HAGANAH COMMANDOS PARADE IN JERUSALEM: These shock troops are members of armoured-car units and it has been their task to guide the Jewish convoys through to Jerusalem from the coastal plain. Commandos also took part in the fighting for Castel, and in last week's big engagement, in which they temporarily, at any rate, gained control of both sides of the Jerusalem-Lydda-Tel Aviv road, they did yeoman service. The Jews' most dazzling prize in April was Haifa, the only port where sea-going ships can dock. The problem before the Jews, however, is how to fight a war and at the same time keep their farms and factories going. At the moment the accent is on the military side

GREECE: THE SPRING OFFENSIVE

The Greek Army's Drive Against the Guerillas

In past months stories of Greek offensives have followed each other with monotonous regularity, and each attack has eventually petered out owing to the will o' the wisp tactics of the guerillas. The latest spring offensive in the region north of Athens, seeking to drive the guerillas from the hill country which stretches down towards Parnassus, would appear to have met with a large measure of success. Captures have been considerable and the rescue of abducted youths abandoned by the guerillas has been a strong indication of the plight of Markos' men. There have also been dire reports of murdered children, the bodies of forty infants having been found in a ravine on Mount Ghiona. They were abandoned because they were delaying a guerilla retreat. While this offensive has been raging sporadic fighting has continued in the North

GUARDING THE LONG LINE OF COMMUNICATIONS IN MACEDONIA: An armoured car protecting a mountain section of the main road from the port of Salonika to the distributing centre at Koziani, in the northern theatre of operations. Along this road come the daily food convoys, which are always liable to attack by guerilla bands

THE TALE OF MARY KATERINOPOULOY: This Athenian girl, seen recounting her adventures to Colonel Xanthos Pikoulakis, was captured in the Ghiona offensive. She claims she was a student at Athens University and was taken forcibly by the guerillas

THE LONG, LONG TRAIL FROM MOUNT GHIONA: Greek guerilla prisoners marching away for interrogation after being captured, or surrendering, in the Greek Army's spring offensive. In the first three weeks of this drive in the Mount Ghiona area the guerillas are said to have lost 641 killed and 1,159 captured

ONE HUNDRED AND FORTY-ONE GUERILLAS BEHIND THE WIRE: These men and women were captured in the battle of Ghiona, with which the Greek Army's spring offensive opened. This battle broke the rebel strength in the mountains between Parnassus and Lamia. The success of the action enabled U.S. construction gangs to proceed on the rebuilding of the Athens-Salonika Road

THE PRIEST OF GRAVIA TALKS WITH CAPTURED GUERILLA YOUTHS: When interrogated the youths declared that they had been "forced" recruits, and that they had been used to pack ammunition, but not as riflemen

A WORLD SURVEY

Foreign News Events in Pictures

ITALY'S FIRST FREE PARLIAMENT IN NEARLY A QUARTER OF A CENTURY MEETS TO ELECT A PRESIDENT : A general view of the Chamber of Deputies meeting in the Montecitorio Parliament building following the elections, which gave Signor de Gasperi's Christian Democrats an absolute majority. Sitting in joint session with the Senate, members balloted for a President and, after initial deadlock, the choice fell on Professor Einaudi, the economist

THE DEFEATED POPULAR FRONT TAKE THEIR SEATS IN THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES IN THE ITALIAN PARLIAMENT : On the right of the second row is Pietro Nenni, leader of the Socialist Left Wing, who threw in his lot with the Communists at the General Election. On the left of the picture behind the microphone is Palmiro Togliatti, the Italian Communist leader. On the final ballot in the Presidential election 333 blank papers were handed in by the Popular Front representatives. But for the last-minute action of the Right Wing Socialists of Saragat, who withdrew support, it is probable that Count Sforza would have been elected to the Presidency

A NEW MEMBER OF THE SWISS GUARD TAKES THE OATH OF ALLEGIANCE IN THE BELVEDERE COURTYARD OF THE VATICAN : Placing his left hand on the flag held out to him by a sergeant, he raises his right hand, with three fingers outstretched in acknowledgment of the Trinity, and swears faithfulness to the Holy See. He ends with the words, "And may Jesus and the Saints aid me." This annual ceremony, at which recruits take the oath of allegiance on being admitted to this élite corps, takes place on the anniversary of the Sack of Rome, commemorating the day in 1527 when 147 men of the Swiss Guard died defending Pope Clement VII from the Spanish invader. This year the ceremonies in the Belvedere Palace were no less colourful than usual. The new recruits, who come from the Catholic Cantons of Switzerland, agree to serve for a minimum of two years. For the occasion the men don medieval breastplates, plumed helmets and ruffled collars

THE POPE RECEIVES THE SWISS GUARDS IN THE VATICAN THRONE ROOM ON THE 421st ANNIVERSARY OF THE SACK OF ROME : An officer of the guard, in velvet tunic and breeches, introduces his men to Pope Pius, who shakes hands with each in turn, last of all the new recruits. During their normal duties at the Vatican, where they mount the guards and form guards of honour for the Pontiff, these household troops appear without breastplates. Their uniform is said to have been designed by Michel Angelo

"WRECKERS AND EXCAVATORS INC.," ARE DOING A THOROUGH JOB ON NEW YORK'S EAST SIDE : A general view of the site for the new United Nations headquarters, showing most of the buildings demolished. The view looks north from 42nd Street, and on the left is First Avenue. This site in Manhattan was a gift to the United Nations from John D. Rockefeller, Jnr. On May 4 Senator Irving Ives (Republican ; New York) introduced a Bill into the Legislature to provide a 65,000,000-dollar U.S. loan to the United Nations for the construction of this giant headquarters

INDIA'S NEW CHIEF OF THE GENERAL STAFF VISITS THE KASHMIR FRONT : Major-General Kulwant Singh (second from right) explaining his campaign to high Government officials during their visit to the zone of operations. Second from left is Bakshmi Ghulam Mode, Deputy-Premier of the Jammu and Kashmir Government. While fighting has been going on, the Kashmir dispute has been surveyed by the Security Council of the United Nations. Sir Zafrullah Khan, leader of the Pakistan delegation to Lake Success, affirms that the first essential for peace is the setting-up of a neutral administration in Kashmir which could afterwards be followed by a plebiscite

THE CITY OF LONDON'S COMMISSIONER OF POLICE VISITS THE HAMBURG POLICE SCHOOL : Lieut.-Colonel Sir Hugh Turnbull (left) talking with members of the women police, who now play a large part in traffic duties in the British Zone of Germany. This recruitment of German women has been markedly successful, despite the fact that after the war women, although in the majority in Germany, have in many instances shown themselves quite unwilling to accept responsibility and authority

THE WALKING ALMANACK OF GENVAL : The remarkable story of Oscar Verhaeghe and his aptitude for arithmetical calculation. This twenty-two-year-old youth from Genval, near Brussels, is astonishing high scientific authorities in Belgium with his mental feats. Before directors of the Belgian Observatory he recently made highly complex calculations, and succeeded in beating the Observatory's modern calculating machine. It takes 20 seconds for Verhaeghe to find the cube root of 964,443,747 and 40 seconds to find the cube of 777,777,777,777,777. In 20 seconds he can find the exact date of Easter 1848 or any other year. Oscar Verhaeghe is the oldest child of a Genval postman. He did not attend regular school classes, but was sent to a special school, where a psycho-pathologist discovered he had an extraordinary interest in figures and an outstanding ability for arithmetic. One of his main occupations is reading almanacks old and new. With the old almanacks he checks up on the accuracy of his moon phase calculations and kindred subjects

THE SENIOR SUBALTERN OF THE MALTA ARTILLERY RECEIVES FROM SIR FRANCIS DOUGLAS AN ANCIENT COLOUR OF THE ROYAL SUSSEX REGIMENT : The ceremony in Valetta Palace Square as the Governor of Malta made the presentation in the presence of the Prime Minister. The Colour, which arrived in H.M.S. "Liverpool" a few days before the presentation, was the first to be raised in Malta. In those days the Royal Sussex Regiment was the 25th Foot

POLITICAL UNREST IN THE STREETS OF SEOUL : A Korean boy, shot during a clash between rival political elements, being hurried to a car after the fighting. Ninety-three people were killed in rioting in Southern Korea prior to the recent elections. This rioting was connected with the numerous strikes called by the Communists in the hope of disrupting the elections. Despite these efforts, more than 6,000,000 electors went to the polls. It was estimated that 92 per cent. of the registered voters cast their votes in Seoul, and the populace was clearly determined not to be intimidated by any minority threats

ANZAC DAY COMMEMORATED AT CHANAK : Members of the Australian and New Zealand Special Delegation attending the dawn service for those who fell on Anzac Beach, Gallipoli. Lieut.-General Sir Leslie Morshead led the delegation, which set out from Istanbul on the previous evening, and Air Chief Marshal Sir Arthur Longmore represented the Imperial War Graves Commission. Among the New Zealanders present was Colonel C. R. G. Bassett, who won his V.C. at Chanak. *On left*—Members of the delegation of Australians and New Zealanders inspecting the Australian graves on Green Hill

A SEA FURY FLYING OVER H.M.C.S. "MAGNIFICENT": The Royal Canadian Navy now owns its first aircraft-carrier—H.M.C.S *Magnificent*. She was built at Belfast and has just completed ship's trials and deck-landing trials. *Magnificent* has 18,000 tons displacement, the flight deck is 670 ft. long and 80 ft. wide. There are ten arrester wires and she is the first light fleet carrier to be fitted with three barriers. Sea Furies and Firefly IV's of No. 19 Carrier Air Group will be carried under the command of Lieut.-Commander H. J. Hunter. The ship's peacetime complement numbers about 730, all Canadian with the exception of twenty-six—two R.N. officers and twenty-four other ranks, mainly skilled technicians. Most of the personnel have come from H.M.S. *Warrior*

GULLS, GYRODYNES AND PARASITES

Some Unusual Developments in the Realm of Aviation

On left — **TESTING BRITAIN'S LATEST GLIDER: The British-designed sailplane Gull IV flying over Kirbymoorside, Yorks, on its first trip, with Mr. Philip Wills, Britain's ace glider-pilot at the helm. Two of these Gull IV's are included in the equipment which the British team will take to Samadan, Switzerland, for the 1948 F.A.I. Gliding Competitions to be held this July. The handling and speed characteristics of these sailplanes are particularly good. Slingsby Sailplanes, Ltd., the builders, have generously provided this equipment, and help for the team has also been forthcoming from the Royal Aero Club, the de Havilland Company and certain private donors. Mrs. Ann Douglas has been appointed captain and manager of the British team, and Messrs. Charles Wingfield, Christopher Nicholson and Lorne Welsh are among the selected pilots. In the altitude contests, the flyers will have oxygen equipment to aid them**

THE FAIREY GYRODYNE HOVERS FOR THE PRESS—BRITAIN'S LATEST BRAND OF HELICOPTER IN ACTION AFTER COMPLETING EXHAUSTIVE TRIALS: The machine has lately made longer and longer flights at greater and greater speeds piloted by Squadron-Leader Basil Arkell. In the Gyrodyne the usual anti-torque airscrew is replaced by an offset tractor airscrew which not only takes the place of the former, but makes it possible for the aircraft to be flown as a gyroplane

The Gyrodyne, product of the Fairey Aviation Company, is something new in helicopters, and as noted above, it can be adapted for flight as an autogiro. The Gyrodyne made its first airborne "hop" on December 7, 1947, and since then the steady development of the prototype has been fully up to expectations. The Gyrodyne embodies entirely new and different controls from any other helicopter, and Squadron-Leader Arkell, the test pilot, has made it his task during trials to compile a piloting manual for this unorthodox machine. The Fairey Gyrodyne embodies a whole range of new ideas in rotating-wing flight, and it is claimed that these give greater safety, greater speed and more comfort. Plans for both military and civil types are under consideration, but these will not be pursued until the first and second prototypes have been tried out in all possible flying conditions

ENTER THE PARASITE FIGHTER—THIS SHORT, STUBBY JET PLANE, KNOWN AS THE XF-85, WILL BE ONE OF THREE CARRIED OPERATIONALLY BY AN ESCORT B.36A, THE GIANT U.S. AIR FORCE MACHINE DESIGNED BY CONSOLIDATED VULTEE: The parasite, which has no landing gear, will be released over the operations area and will return to the bomber, after combat. Presumably some form of grapple will be employed in re-uniting bomber and fighter

From the day that the jet fighter came into being it became apparent that heavy escort aircraft and bombers would in future be highly vulnerable when over an operations area. The United States Air Force sought to provide the answer with a network of covering-fire within the squadron. It was only a part-answer, and now they have tackled the problem in a new way by fitting their mighty Convair B36, a reconnaissance and bombing aircraft with a range of 10,000 miles, with three parasite planes. These parasites are McDonnell single-seater jet fighters, and are intended as the sole armament, no machine-guns or cannon being carried. No details are as yet available as to the manner in which the satellites are brought aboard the B36 after a mission. The parasites have Westinghouse J.34 engines with a static thrust of 3,000 lbs. The wing span is 21 ft., and the machine is 15 ft. long

FROGMORE: A ROYAL RETREAT

During Whitsun Its Leafy Grounds were Opened to the Public in the Cause of Charity

The year 1800 was fateful in England. Beyond the Channel the figure of Napoleon was looming ever larger upon the European Continent, and the man who had once led the armies of democratic liberation had now become the great imperialist. The worry and fatigue of State business was telling heavily upon King George III, and long since signs of derangement had appeared. His wife, Queen Charlotte, who nursed the King so devotedly, and did so much to stop him brooding upon French affairs, decided in that year to lay out the grounds of Frogmore in the Home Park of Windsor, and, for the ageing King, Frogmore eventually became a veritable retreat. In the end George was overcome by almost complete mental and visual darkness. In 1811 a Parliamentary Bill gave full care of the King's person to the Queen, and the Regency became a permanency. For a decade more George III lingered on.

Frogmore was favoured as a Royal residence throughout the nineteenth century, and its lovely grounds were a great favourite with Queen Victoria and Prince Albert. The Queen's mother, the Duchess of Kent, who was buried at Frogmore, spent part of her second widowhood there, and it was there that she died of cancer. The Duchess probably preferred London life and the company of her rather strange coterie of friends which she gathered round her at Kensington Palace. In 1901 the Royal Mausoleum at Frogmore became the resting-place of Queen Victoria, whose remains were placed beside those of her beloved Consort.

The house, where our present King and Queen once lived, is typical of the work of James Wyatt, one of the most prolific architects of his day.

FROGMORE HOUSE IN ITS LOVELY SETTING IN THE GROUNDS OF WINDSOR GREAT PARK : Frogmore, designed by James Wyatt in 1809 for Queen Charlotte, Consort of George III, replaced a house built by William Aldworth in 1697. The King and Queen, when Duke and Duchess of York, lived there for a short time, and since 1939 suitable rooms in the mansion have been used to accommodate employees of the Royal Household evacuated from their London homes. During the Whitsun holidays the public were admitted to the grounds to aid the funds of the Nursing Association

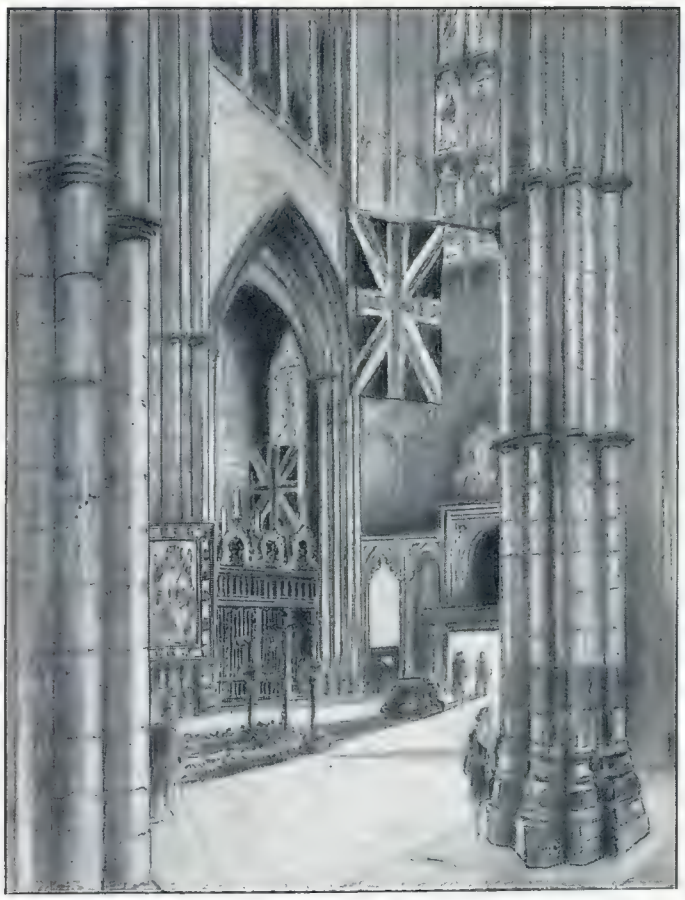
THE TEA-HOUSE IN FROGMORE GARDENS : With the chestnut-trees of the Home Park in full bloom, this secluded corner is now at its loveliest. When the King and Queen lived at Frogmore they frequently took tea at this little house with the quaint chimney

THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM OF FROGMORE : This cruciform structure surmounted by an octagonal lantern was erected at the orders of Queen Victoria over the tomb of Prince Albert, being completed in 1862, a year after the Prince Consort's untimely death. In 1901 Queen Victoria was laid to rest there beside her husband, after the funeral at St. George's Chapel, Windsor

THE RUINED PRIORY AT FROGMORE, WHERE THE ENFEEBLED GEORGE III OFTEN RECEIVED VISITORS DURING HIS DECLINING YEARS, AND SOMETIMES TOOK BREAKFAST: The priory, overgrown with wistaria, is one of the most picturesque features of the grounds at Frogmore, to which the public were admitted during the Easter and Whitsun holidays. The grounds at Frogmore were laid out by Major William Price, Vice-Chamberlain to Queen Charlotte, Consort of George III. James Wyatt, who rebuilt the house, succeeded Sir William Chambers as Surveyor-General to the Board of Works, which led to his employment at Windsor Castle

TWIN ANGELS GUARD THE ENTRANCE TO THE ROYAL MAUSOLEUM: On the entrance is the inscription: "His mourning widow Victoria, the Queen, directed that all that is mortal of Prince Albert be placed in this sepulchre. A.D. 1862. Farewell, well beloved! Here, at last, I will rest with thee; with thee, in Christ, I will rise again." Thirty-nine years after this dedication the Queen herself was laid to rest in the royal mausoleum

On right—**THE BURIAL-PLACE OF QUEEN VICTORIA'S MOTHER, VICTORIA MARIA LOUISA DUCHESS OF KENT, FOURTH DAUGHTER OF THE HEREDITARY PRINCE OF SAXE-SAALFELD COBURG:** The Duchess died of cancer at Frogmore in 1861. She was buried in St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and ten days later her remains were transferred to this picturesquely situated mausoleum. Her first husband was a German princeling, and her second Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent, the fourth son of George III



WHERE WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S ROOSEVELT MEMORIAL WILL BE SET UP : The memorial, which it is hoped will be ready for unveiling in the autumn, will occupy a panel space between the West Door and St. George's Chapel. The memorial is to be placed in the only remaining vacant space on the Abbey walls, above the roll of honour of civilian casualties of the Second World War. This vacant space is in the centre of this drawing, and just on the left of the doorway. The tablet will be made of Hopton Wood stone, a form of marble Beneath the American eagle will be an incised inscription in Roman lettering. The simple wording was suggested to the designer jointly by Mr. Attlee and Mr. Churchill—*Drawing by Percy Home*

PREPARING FOR THE UNVEILING OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY'S TRIPLE MEMORIAL ON MAY 21 : Men at work on the installation of Mr. Gilbert Ledward's fine sculptural figures in the cloisters. The memorial will commemorate those who lost their lives in the submarine branch of the Royal Navy (1914-18 and 1939-45), the Airborne Forces (1939-45) and the Commandos (1939-45)—*Drawings by Percy Home*

TWO WESTMINSTER ABBEY MEMORIALS

The Triple Memorial Unveiled by Mr. Churchill, and the Government's Memorial to Franklin Roosevelt

The Pilgrims have commemorated Franklin Roosevelt with their great memorial in Grosvenor Square, but England's final tribute, a place in Westminster Abbey, has been arranged by the Government. Mr. H. W. Palliser has been commissioned as sculptor of the memorial, and already the Dean of Westminster, representatives of the Ministry of Works and the Royal Fine Arts Commission have approved the plaster model. The project was begun in December 1946, and it should be completed some time this autumn. Mr. Gilbert Ledward's Commando Memorial, which it was arranged should be unveiled this week, is a particularly fine piece of work reflecting the spirit of the men who undertook the most exacting tasks in the Second World War

A LITERARY SHRINE IS REOPENED TO THE PUBLIC : No. 17, Gough Square, near Fleet Street, which has now been repaired following damage sustained during the war. From 1748 to 1759 it was the home of Dr. Samuel Johnson, and it is the only one of his London residences that survives and can be identified. At Gough Square Johnson compiled his Dictionary, published in 1755. He chose the house in order to be near the printer of that book, William Strahan. During the Gough Square period, too, Johnson wrote *The Rambler* and began *The Idler*. The house's preservation for the nation is due to the enthusiasm and generosity of Lord Harmsworth, who bought it in 1911 and in 1929 placed it in the hands of trustees. Johnson's house was seriously damaged during the war, when it was thrice threatened with destruction by fire or flying-bomb. In particular the attic in which the doctor and his six assistants compiled the Dictionary was burnt out on December 29, 1940. Now the house is re-roofed and the damage has been made good

A PLAN TO COMMEMORATE ALL THE OFFICERS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH AND EMPIRE WHO GAVE THEIR LIVES IN THE SECOND WORLD WAR : The Royal Military Memorial Chapel, Sandhurst, which was completed as a memorial to past cadets who fell in the First World War, and is now the Chapel of the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, will be the scene of this new memorial and an appeal has recently been made for funds to provide a Book of Remembrance and oak pews. The Indian Army portion of the memorial is to be a new organ and screen. The badges of corps and regiments will be carved on the pews and the screen. The committee estimates that the total cost of the memorial will be not less than £35,000

SHAKESPEARE IN PARK LANE—THE BATTERED CONDITION OF THIS FIGURE, AND STANDING NEXT TO IT THE EQUALLY BATTERED CHAUCER, DRAWS ATTENTION TO THE CONDITION OF SHAKESPEARE STATUES THROUGHOUT LONDON : This fountain by Thornycroft, surmounted by the figure of Fame, has not worn well in its three-quarters of a century of existence. Apart from the memorial to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey, of which the Leicester Square statue is a replica, there are no worthy monuments to the Bard of Avon existing in London

SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS OF LONDON FOG AND GRIME HAVE CREATED HAVOC WITH THE THORNYCROFT FOUNTAIN IN HAMILTON PLACE, PARK LANE : Chaucer's face has been worn away to quite a considerable degree and the end of his nose has now disappeared. Shakespeare's legs are a pitiful sight, with the stonework peeling away under the potent influence of London's notorious atmosphere

THE BARD OF AVON CONTEMPLATES THE LATEST ACHIEVEMENT WROUGHT IN HIS NAME : This battered statue of Shakespeare stands in Leicester Square facing east towards the Odeon Cinema, where Sir Laurence Olivier's version of "Hamlet" is now drawing vast crowds. The statue is a copy by Fontana of the monument in Westminster Abbey. It will be seen that part of the left foot is worn away and the left hand is missing

"LAURENCE OLIVIER PRESENTS 'HAMLET' BY WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE" : These are the words that confront the Shakespeare statue across the leafy spaces of Leicester Square. The poet is represented with his right arm leaning on a pile of his works ; the left hand, now missing, is intended to point to a roll bearing a passage from "The Tempest," the last two lines of which are misquoted in the Westminster Abbey version. There are many Londoners who feel that something should be done about the Leicester Square Shakespeare before there is further deterioration. In his London Newsletter this week the Old Stager gives his own forthright views on the subject

TWO BIG SHIPS SIDE BY SIDE IN THE POOL OF LONDON: The sloop H.M.S. "Cygnet" and the Norwegian passenger ship "Venus," newcomer to the Newcastle-Bergen service, seen near Tower Pier. The sloop *Cygnet* (Captain R. G. Mackay, senior officer, Fishery Protection) remained for three days in London to enable visits to be paid to Billingsgate and the Fishmongers' Company and to entertain on board representatives of the Ministry of Agriculture and Fisheries, the Foreign Office and the Admiralty. After the visit the *Cygnet* was due to take part in Chatham's Navy Week, and to visit Northfleet, which adopted the sloop during the war. The *Cygnet's* summer cruise will include visits to Belgium, France, the Channel Islands and Spitsbergen. The *Venus*, which brought passengers to the British Industries Fair and was engaged on a goodwill visit to the Thames, is now operating on her North Sea schedule with Newcastle as her English terminal

THERE WAS A HUMBER IN THE "BOMB" BAY: A Halifax, converted for freight-carrying, taking-off from Bovingdon, Herts, for Madrid, with a giant packing-case slung beneath her fuselage. In the case was a Humber car on the way out to Señor Cobarro Yelo, a Spanish fruit exporter. The Halifax is operated by British-American Air Services, and normally flies on the aerial fruit run from Spain to England

TO COMMEMORATE THE FOUNDATION OF PRIMITIVE METHODISM: Mr. Alan Broght, the sculptor, with arm raised aloft, superintends the ascent of his sculptured boulder, weighing 2 tons, up 100-ft. Mowcop, near Congleton, Cheshire. The boulder bears an inscription commemorating the first camp meeting held on Mowcop on Sunday, May 31, 1807, by Hugh Bourne, founder of the Primitive Methodists. The meeting began at six in the morning, and prayer, praise and preaching were continued until eight at night. Although the Wesleyan Methodist Conference protested against such gatherings, the practice grew, and before long the Primitive Methodists, so-named because they sought to return to the old simplicities, were well and truly established. They held their first annual conference in 1820. Bourne lived to see Primitive Methodism with 1,400 Sunday schools, 5,300 chapels and 110,000 members

THE BOULDER REACHES THE SUMMIT OF MOWCOP: Alan Broght and his men placing the Primitive Methodist memorial in position. On May 15 there was a gathering of Primitive Methodists on Mowcop to witness the unveiling on the spot where their movement had its birth. The artificial ruin on Mowcop dates from 1760

NEWS from LONDON and the PROVINCES

THE LAUNCH OF THE UNSINKABLE LIFEBOAT "GASKIN": The craft after leaving Friar's boatyard at King's Lynn. It was named by Mrs. Harold Gaskin, wife of the inventor, for whom the ceremony marked the completion of a life's work. Gaskin was thirteen years old when the sinking of the *Titanic*, with the loss of 1,600 lives, shocked the world. He decided to devote himself to the perfection of a really safe lifeboat. It is stated that the boat cannot capsize, owing to air tanks embodied in its construction and the suction caused by the hollow boat-shaped hull. The boat is also reversible, and can be fitted with flat twin horizontally-opposed engines. After first coming to London the new lifeboat will sail for Atlantic tests on May 24

DEMOLISHING THE 225-FT. SPIRE OF ST. OLAVE'S AND ST. JOHN'S: One of South London's historic churches built in the Wren style, it is being pulled down because it is dangerous. St. Olave's and St. John's, at the junction of Tower Bridge Road and Tooley Street, was burned out during the war, and it has been impossible to get material for rebuilding. Workmen are now removing the 225-ft. spire, which is leaning dangerously

THE "WHAT-IS-IT?" SCHOOL OF SCULPTURE—CREATIONS AT THE OPEN-AIR EXHIBITION WHICH WAS OPENED LAST WEEK IN BATTERSEA PARK: *Left*—**"Kneeling Figure," by F. E. McWilliams.** *Second from left*—**"The Figure," by Lipchitz.** *Second from right*—**"Door Jamb," by Modigliani.** *Right*—**"Three Figures," by Henry Moore**

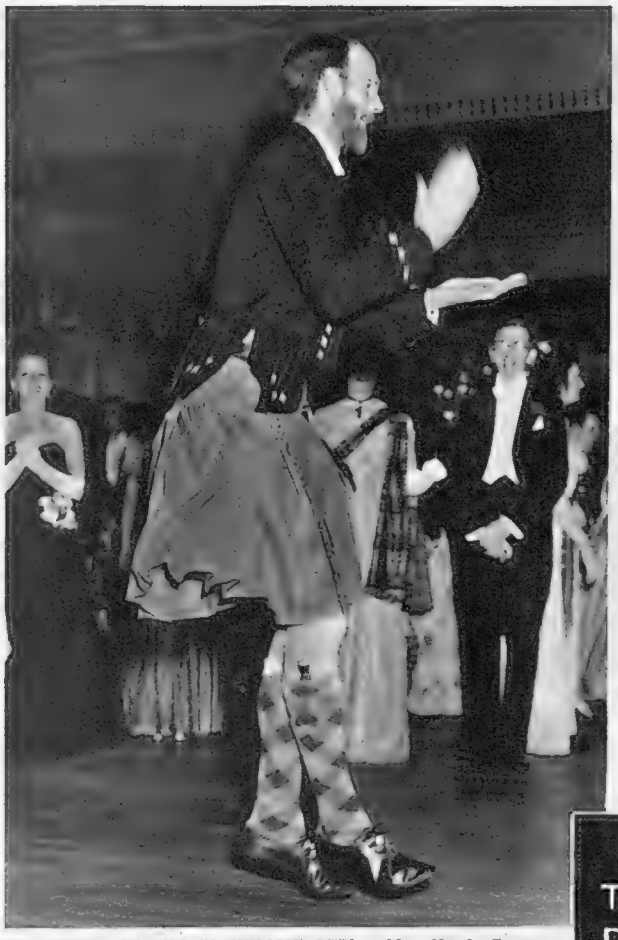
In February "Surrealist Lady," a sculpture by F. E. McWilliams, the Slade School instructor, held passers-by spell-bound outside the Institute of Contemporary Arts Exhibition. They were so surprised, indeed, and they stopped so long to stare, that they obstructed the traffic, and in the end "Surrealist Lady" had to be taken indoors. A very close relation of "Surrealist Lady," also a member of the "What-is-It?" School of Sculpture, and also the work of Mr. McWilliams, has pride of place among the problem sculptures at the Battersea Park Open-Air Exhibition, which opened last week in a blaze of publicity. This alfresco exhibition has been arranged by the London County Council in conjunction with the Arts Council, the aim being to give Londoners an opportunity of seeing in an ideal setting examples of modern development in one of the oldest of the arts. Not all the sculptures are quite so difficult to fathom as the examples shown here, Epstein and Frank Dobson having contributed works that are comparatively orthodox compared with Mr. McWilliams' art. The exhibition may serve to introduce to many Londoners one of the most delightful and possibly the least known of the metropolitan parks

THE MIDGET CARS ARE HERE: The cars in action on the track at Walthamstow during a trial run preparatory to their first appearance at Stamford Bridge. The little cars do 80 m.p.h. on the straight and take the turns at 40 m.p.h. Meetings are to be held throughout this summer

"SPEED" BOARDMAN MAKES A SHARP TURN: A member of the midget car-racing team in action during a Walthamstow trial. This picture evidences the wide lock which enables the driver to keep close to the rails when doing 40 m.p.h. on the bends. Midget car racing is being introduced to this country by Mr. Bob Topping, the American millionaire and husband of Lana Turner. Mr. Topping and three associates have sunk £75,000 in this venture

On left—**F.I.D.O. CIVILIAN VERSION: Fog being dispelled from Blackbushe Airfield during experiments with the Haigill type of fog dispersal burners.** The Ministry of Civil Aviation equipped Blackbushe with F.I.D.O., its worth having been proved in service with the R.A.F. during the war, and it has now refurbished the original installation as a result of the urgent need for a diversionary airfield when all others are out of action due to bad visibility. This picture was taken during a "test burn." *Below*—Lighting the "wicks," the first stage in the operation of F.I.D.O.

AMBASSADOR HARRIMAN PAYS A FLYING VISIT TO ENGLAND: The Special Ambassador in Europe for the American Administrator of the Economic Co-operation Act seen at London Airport with Mr. Lewis Douglas (centre), the American Ambassador to the Court of St. James's. After a brief conference, Mr. Harriman flew on to Paris, there to meet the representatives of sixteen nations receiving Marshall Aid



THE SWIRL OF THE EIGHTSOME REEL : Mr. Hugh Foss gives a spirited performance at the Tartan Ball. Kilts were in full swing at the Dorchester Hotel, when Scots in London danced to the pipes and drums of the Scots Guards. An event of the evening was the first performance of a new dance "The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh," invented by Allie Anderson and Florence Lesslie, of the Edinburgh branch of the Scottish Country Dance Society. The dance is performed in two lines. The men face their partners; advance, retire, pass and circle. The couples then double back along the line. In the finale, the dancers go in opposite directions

DANCING "THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH" : The Scottish country dance, devised by Allie Anderson and Florence Lesslie, was named after the Royal couple, who gave their permission for the title shortly after their wedding. It was first demonstrated in public at the Tartan Ball

A NEW TARTAN DANCE and the FURRY DANCERS of HELSTON

THE GREAT TORRINGTON MAY FAIR : Young dancers in the Devon town; another traditional custom of the West Country. The children of Torrington (like the children of Helston and many another country town) enjoyed themselves thoroughly in the picturesque little town in Devonshire on May Day. The girls carried posies of spring flowers and there was a floral dance and a fair

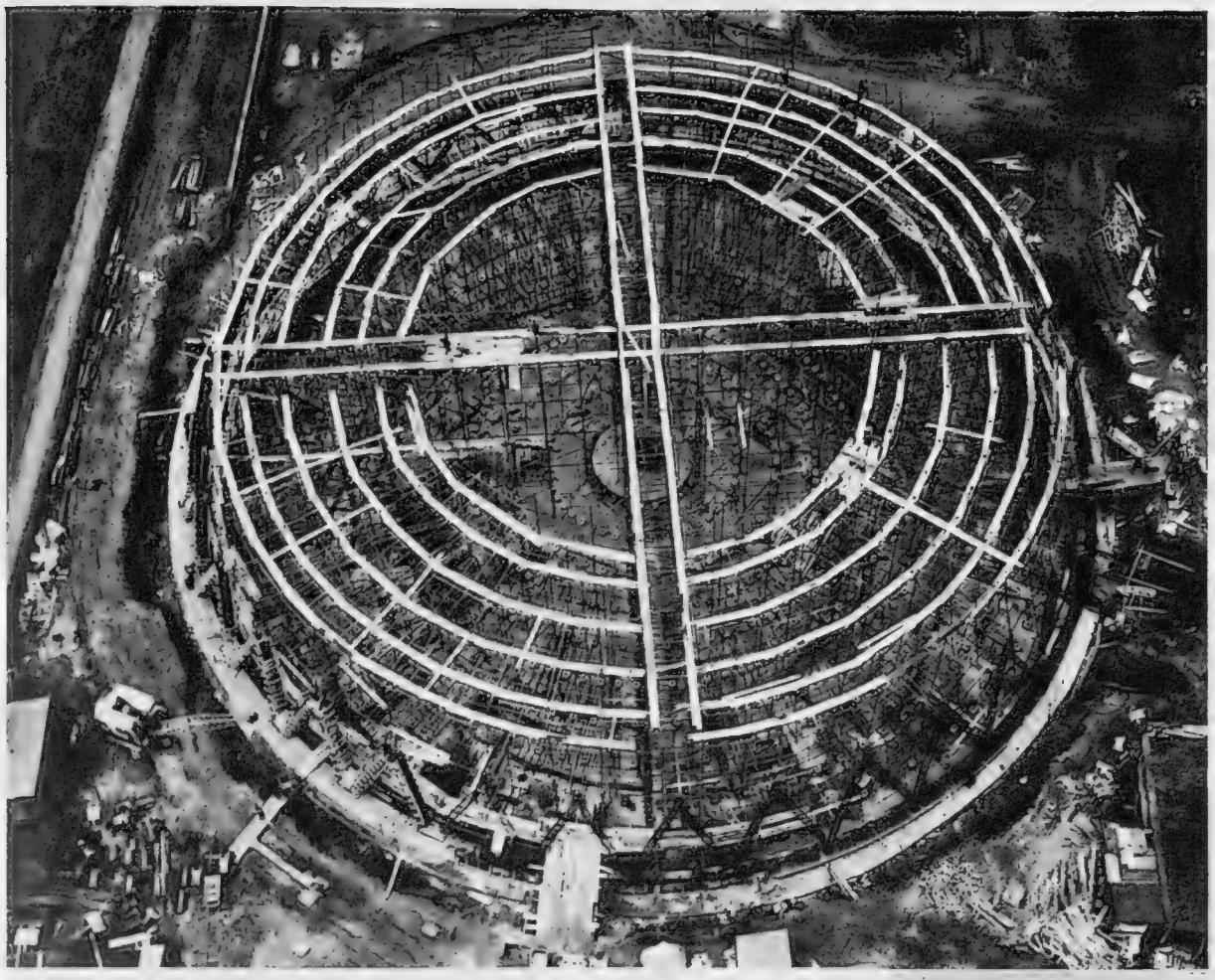
FLORA DAY IN HELSTON : Children dancing in the streets in the traditional manner. The annual custom of dancing in the streets of the town takes place on May 8 to celebrate the coming of summer. The ceremony was abandoned during the war years, but has now been resumed with all its old enthusiasm. Many visitors saw this year's Furry dance, as it is known, and bright sunshine shone throughout the day. First the children danced through the streets of the town, carrying willow branches in their hands. In the evening, the men of the town, wearing morning dress with large floral button-holes, danced through the town—through houses and shops—with their partners, clad in summer frocks and wearing sprays of lilies-of-the-valley

THE HELSTON FURRY DANCE : Another view, on the outskirts of the old Cornish town, as the children—the girls in white dresses, the boys in white shirts and flannels—dance the traditional measures on Flora Day. The origin of the dance is unknown. It is held on May 8 to celebrate the approach of the summer

BUILDING A CATHEDRAL OF ELECTRICITY

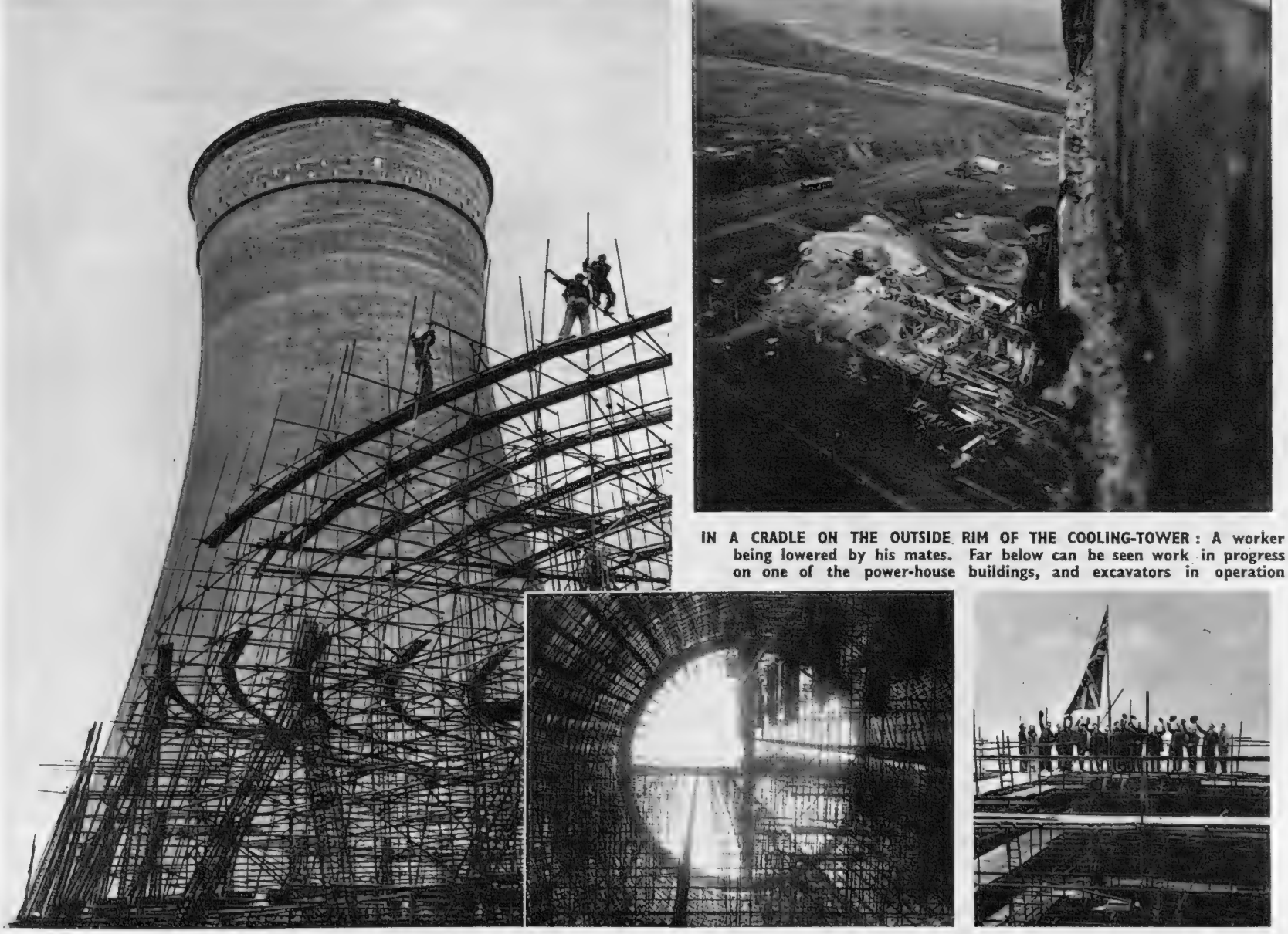
Erecting the Great Towers of Agecroft

One of the highest cooling-towers ever built in this country has just been completed at the Agecroft Power Station, Salford, by a group of builders who up to sixteen months ago had been used to working much nearer the ground than 300 ft. The tower, which is 310 ft. from ground-level, is the first to be completed since the nationalisation of electricity and is part of the £6,500,000 extension scheme at the station. When Fred Mitchell and Son, Ltd., building contractors of Manchester, were given the job of erecting four towers at the station, they found they were without builders used to high-level work. To-day the group of men they trained for the job can be seen walking with ease along the narrow ledge of wooden planks round the top of the tower. The men are paid 9d. an hour extra while working on the top. Now they say that the only thrill they get is when the driver of the steel cage which carries them to and from the job takes it into his head to reach the ground in approximately eight seconds. Work has begun on the second tower, which should be completed by December.

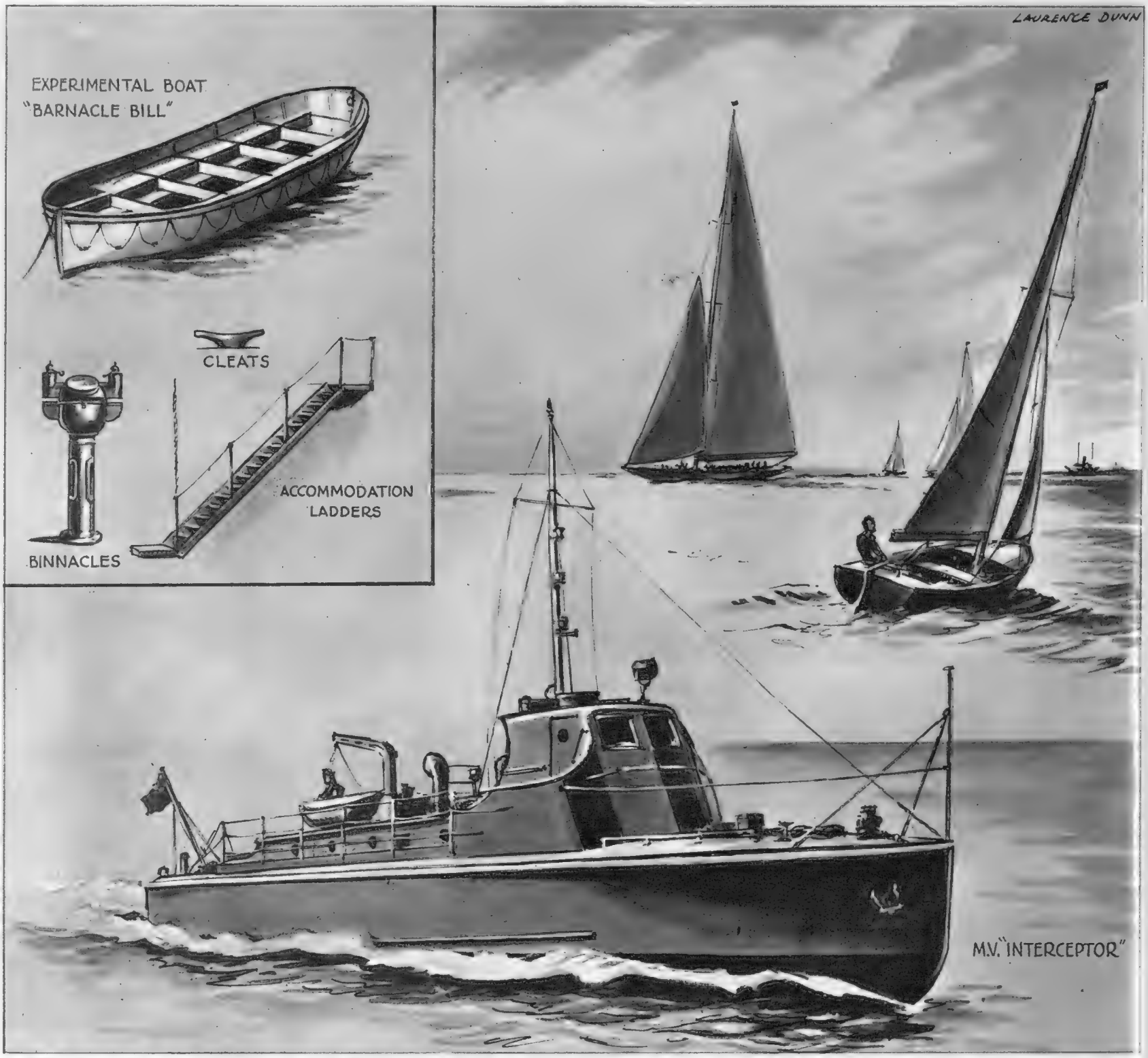


THE SALFORD ELECTRICITY UNDERTAKING—THE START OF A GIANT COOLING-TOWER: An overhead view of the network of steel scaffolding used in the construction of one of the giant towers at the Agecroft Power Station, Salford, Lancs. This picture was taken from the top of the completed tower at a height of 310 ft.

IN A CRADLE ON THE OUTSIDE RIM OF THE COOLING-TOWER: A worker being lowered by his mates. Far below can be seen work in progress on one of the power-house buildings, and excavators in operation



WHERE VAST QUANTITIES OF BRITAIN'S STEEL AND CEMENT GO: *Left*—The first of the completed towers at Agecroft, and in the foreground men engaged on installing the scaffolding of a second tower. *Centre*—Looking up the centre of a tower, showing the steelwork which, put end to end, would extend for 200 miles. *Right*—Unfurling the Union Jack on top of the tower to celebrate its completion. The whole scheme at Agecroft is expected to be finished in three years. Two generators are to be installed in the section under construction. Each will have a capacity of 52,500 kw. and will generate 33,000 volts



ILLUSTRATING ALUMINIUM'S VAST RANGE OF USEFULNESS IN THE SHIPPING WORLD : A composite drawing showing the M.V. "Interceptor," a 65-ft. patrol cruiser which was built for the Royal Canadian Mounted Police at Quebec in 1934 and has rendered magnificent service. As a result of the experience gained with craft of this kind, naval architects are turning increasingly to aluminium. In America the J Class yacht "Rainbow" (above, on right) has an aluminium mast, and American sailing dinghies have both mast and hull in thin alloy. Inset on left is the experimental boat "Barnacle Bill." After lying uncared for at Southampton for two-and-a-half years she was found to be in first-class condition. As a result of Dutch and British tests aluminium was approved for the building of lifeboats. Binnacles, cleats and accommodation ladders, also shown in the drawing, are other items of gear in which the new medium is employed

ALL ABOVE THE DOTTED LINE IS OF ALUMINIUM ALLOY—THE CANADIAN GREAT LAKES MOTOR-SHIP "REDFERN" : When the owners of *Redfern* wanted to enlarge the crew's quarters it seemed at first as if the cargo space would have to be pared down. By making the superstructure of aluminium, however, it was actually found possible to increase the cargo space. The 35-ton reduction in weight enabled an extra deck to be added, so that the crew were accommodated above and not in the hull

ALUMINIUM SHIPS HAVE COME TO STAY

This Alloy Solves Many a Problem for the Marine Architect

The recent launch of a 75-ft. naval craft built of aluminium serves as a reminder of the gradual but steady progress that the use of this light metal is making in ship construction.

Although aluminium's first cost is greater than that of steel, maintenance charges are far smaller and the saving in weight—about 50 per cent.—may be of the greatest importance to the ship designer, for it can either be used to reduce power or increase carrying capacity. Many small craft are now built partly or entirely of aluminium, and there is an ever-growing range of fittings made in light metals.

The use of aluminium is particularly popular for dinghies, and several of the International Dinghy Classes are having aluminium masts fitted. Silver spruce is scarce, and the new metal masts are lighter and of smaller section than the comparable wooden spar.

In the insulated holds of meat-carriers and trawlers the use of aluminium panelling is effecting savings in space and weight. In fishing craft it is of particular value, for it is resistant to bacterial infection and the corrosive effects of salt water and slime. In a recent case a trawler so fitted was delayed at sea for some time, but was able to sell her catch at top price when she returned to port. A sister-ship, similarly held up, but fitted with the old type wood panelling inside, could only sell her catch for manure.

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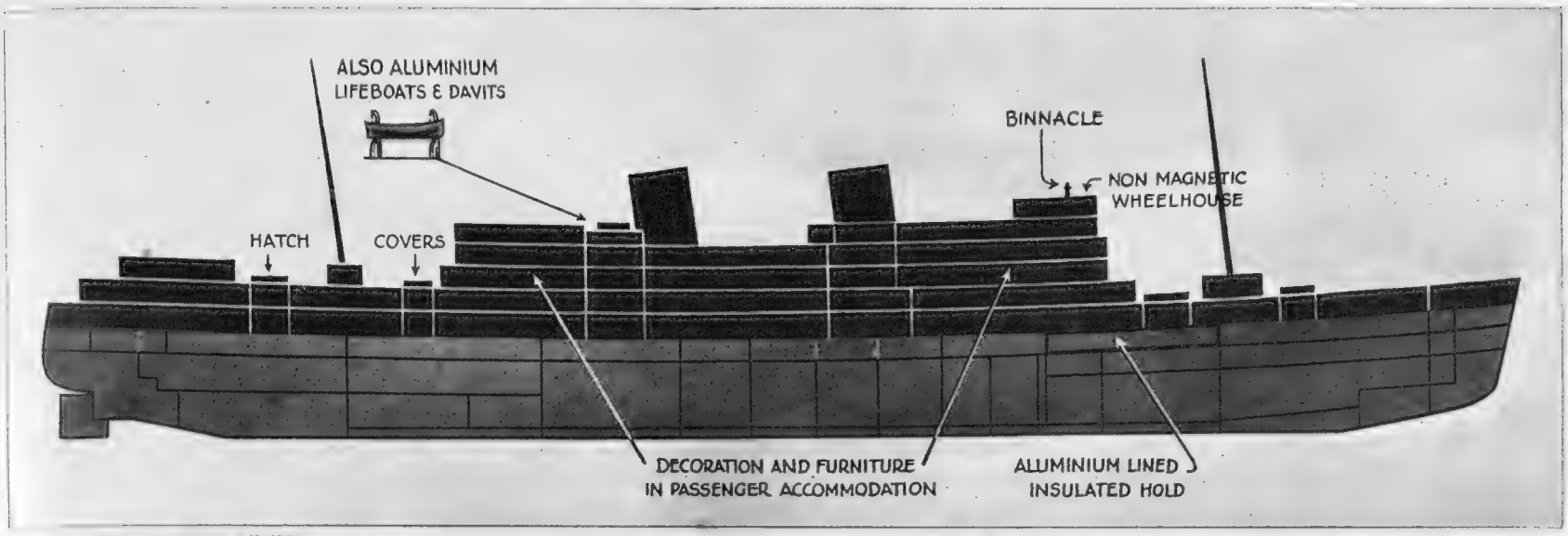
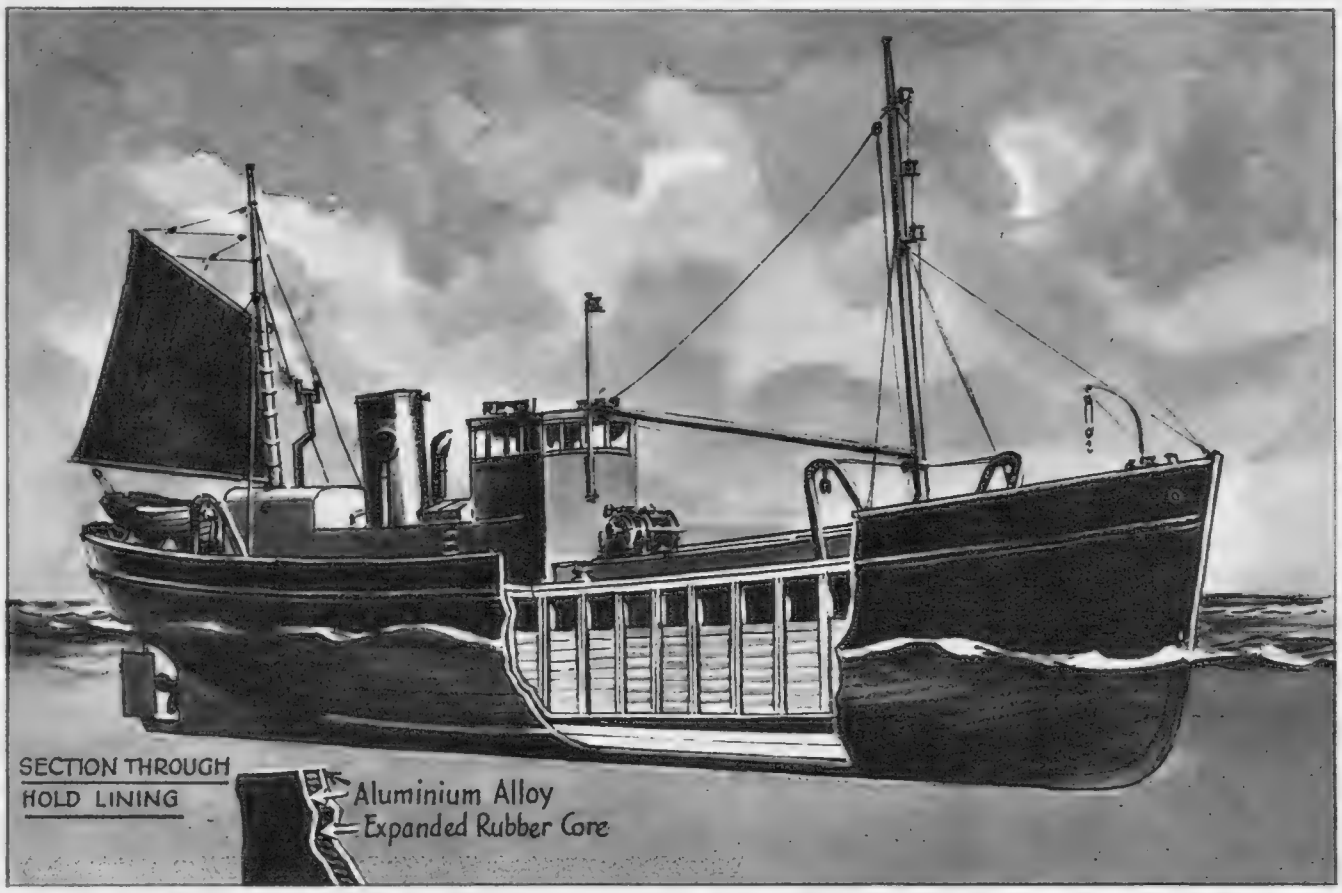


JUST WHAT CAN BE ACHIEVED WHEN STEEL GIVES WAY TO ALUMINIUM ALLOY: By using light metal for the upper parts of this fast 520-ft. passenger and cargo liner, the weight of the superstructure can be reduced by about 55 per cent. This improves stability and makes possible finer lines and reduced beam, and so engine power can be cut by 12 per cent.

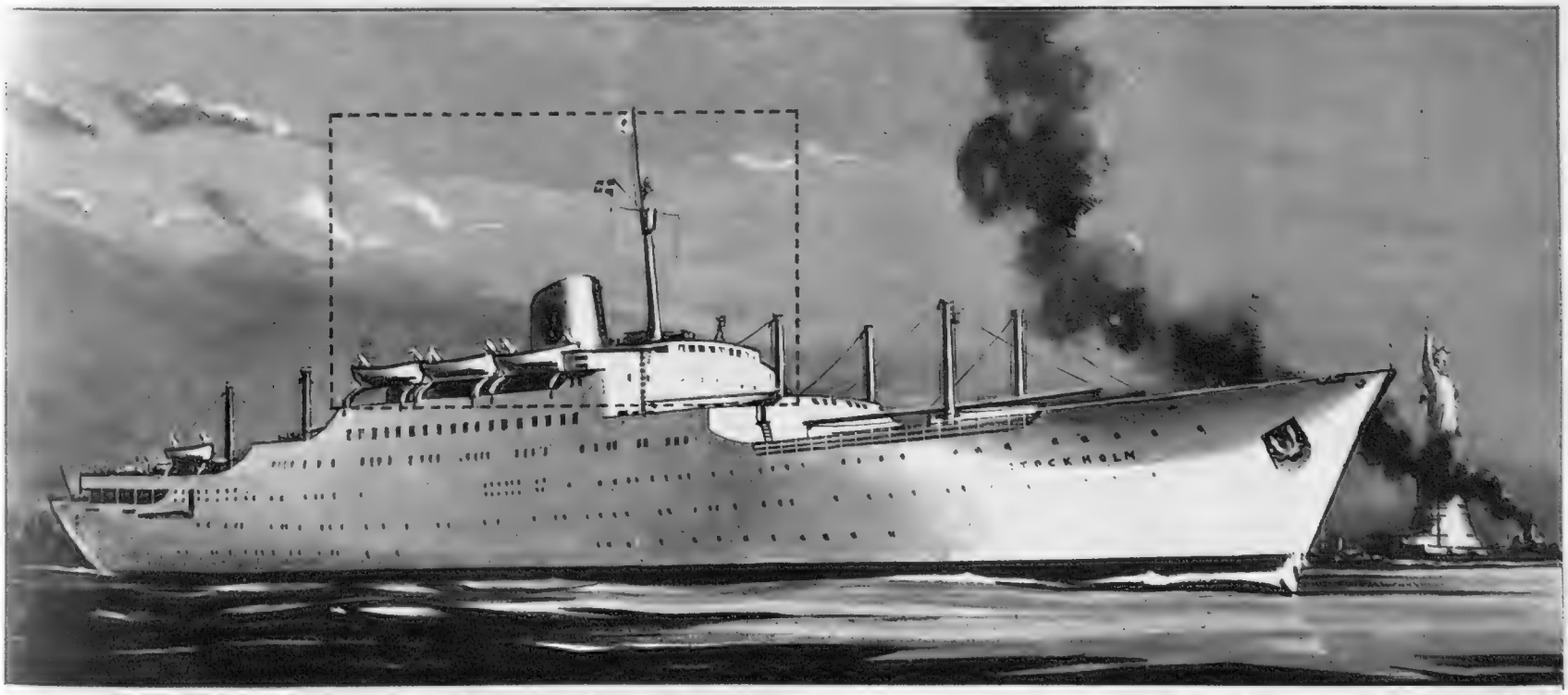
These are but a few instances of the way in which this new metal is proving its worth at sea. In a recent speech, Sir Wilfrid Ayre declared that the use of light alloy for ships' superstructure and deckhouses has definitely extended beyond the experimental stage, and development in this field cannot fail to show immediate progress.

In his drawings on these pages, Laurence Dunn shows aluminium's vast range of usefulness in the merchant marine. Of special interest is the 65-ft. patrol cruiser *Interceptor*, which has been in the service of the Royal Canadian Mounted Police from 1934 to this day. When last examined the *Interceptor's* hull was found to be in excellent condition and entirely free from any damaging corrosion. She was designed for particularly arduous service along the dangerous coast of Nova Scotia, the design calling for high speed, exceptional seaworthiness and strength.

Another good advertisement for aluminium has been the *Barnacle Bill*, and so well did this craft stand up to tests in Holland that it was decided to provide aluminium boats for the giant Dutch liner *Nieuw Amsterdam*



ALUMINIUM FOR FISHING CRAFT: A combined trawler-drifter built at Lowestoft last year and the first vessel of its kind to be built in Britain with a prefabricated aluminium alloy superstructure. Besides having great strength, providing less interference to the magnetic compass, the reduction in weight enables more fish to be carried. By using thin sheets of aluminium to sandwich the insulating material used in the fish-hold, there is a saving of space as well as weight. Aluminium is non-absorbent, and therefore more hygienic than wood, and so ensures that the catch is kept in the best possible condition. If there is any delay at sea the catch has a good chance of being marketable on reaching port



THE NEW SWEDISH TRANSATLANTIC MOTOR-LINER "STOCKHOLM," OF 11,000 TONS, WHICH HAS ONLY RECENTLY MADE HER FIRST CROSSING OF THE WESTERN OCEAN: In this ship the upper part of the superstructure, the funnel, mast and uppermost lifeboats and davits are all of aluminium. This is shown by the area enclosed in dotted lines. The Swedes have also used aluminium with good effect in their research ship "Albatross"—*Drawings by Laurence Dunn*

DUBLIN REVISITED

Goods in Abundance in the Shops of Eire's Capital

By CHARLES GRAVES

ONE'S first impression of Dublin is that the clock stopped in 1939. Admittedly prices are far higher than they were before the war, but Grafton Street makes one realise what Bond Street used to be ten years ago. You see gold cigarette-cases in the jewellers' shops; you see every kind of expensive merchandise which England nowadays only exports. As for food, the *Princess Maud*, the cross-Channel steamer, sets the pace when you go on board at Holyhead at 12.30 a.m. by offering every passenger a steak with a poached egg on top. Steak, chops, kidneys, legs of lamb, every kind of meat, is to be found on every menu in Dublin. Cream is back, and my wife already threatens to be a secret cream-drinker. Oddly enough, butter is still rationed—to half a pound a week. I fancy, however, that in the country districts this does not matter much. Tea is rationed, too, and so is sugar, but my Irish stenographer, when asked, could not tell me the amount of the ration. "We always have plenty," she says.

The drink situation is very interesting. There has been no Government bulk purchase of "concession" wines. Various shippers and wine merchants were told they could have a certain quota of money to spend in France, Spain and Portugal. In this way they were able to select their own wines and spirits. In consequence there is no trash, either in the restaurants or in the wine merchants'. Champagne is about 5s. a bottle cheaper, vintage port is infinitely cheaper. Thus at a very smart restaurant a bottle of Graham's '24 and Taylor's '24 are both priced at 28s. Burgundies and clarets, however, are more expensive than in England. Liqueurs are astonishingly cheap; what would be a double liqueur brandy in England costs 3s.; a large (by English standards) green Chartreuse is 4s. 6d. In the shops the absence of purchase tax is very noticeable. The only things which are more expensive than in England, and of definitely less good quality, are the clothes and lingerie. My hostess last night was saying that Ireland is, nevertheless, a very expensive country in which to live. "In England," she said, "there are so many things that you cannot buy simply because of points, coupons and rationing generally, that there is no question of 'keeping your end up' as far as appearances and entertaining go. Here, just because you *can* buy almost anything, you feel you have to do so. My meat bill is £5 a week for a household consisting of my husband, daughter and two maids. You see, one day we have a leg of lamb, next day perhaps a 5-lb. sirloin of beef, boned and rolled; next day, of course, we may 'make do' with cutlets, followed perhaps by steak and kidney pie on the next day. Of course, I always have to have at least 2 lbs. of steak ready in case my husband feels like it, and so it goes . . ." An Englishman now settled in Ireland took me out to play golf at Portmarnock on Saturday. On the way he stopped off to order 1,500 eggs, to "put down."

So much for food and drink, which is the first major impact that the visitor feels. In the last four days I have done a number of things. The first was to visit the Spring Show, which is a combination of a Royal Tournament and Olympia and a Royal Agricultural Show at Islington. It was noticeable that the cow which produced the greatest amount of milk during the week was officially a non-pedigree Shorthorn. A knowing Irishman explained this quite simply. During the "Trouble" a number of pedigree animals, particularly bulls and stallions, disappeared from view for weeks and even months. There is little doubt that many a non-pedigree cow and half-breed horse has far better blood in it than is officially the case.

Needless to say, I lunched at Jammets and dined at the Dolphin; both were up to the fullest expectations. (As I write I can hear a perfectly good wartime siren, the only unpleasant thing I have encountered in Dublin—it quite shook me the first time I heard it.)

At Portmarnock I had thirty-six holes on this, the greatest of all golf-links. It is in superb condition—every foot of its 7,011 yards. Golf-balls are, however, in short supply. While washing my hands in the club-house I commented on this to a total stranger. He said, "I'll let you have my two months supply," and before I could protest he hurried off to the secretary and returned with two Dunlops in their wrappings. Interestingly enough, as I discovered afterwards, my benefactor was Seamus O'Connor, one of the best-known gunmen during the "Trouble." No Englishman would ever make such a gesture to a total stranger.

I have also visited the Irish National Stud at Tully, which started last year with six mares and one stallion; two more stallions have been bought. The policy has been completely changed since the days when the Stud was owned by the British Government. The idea now is to breed high-grade stallions and then lease them out to small owners for 35 guineas a service, instead of the 98 guineas or 148 guineas which would be more normal, in order to improve the general standard of racehorses.

From the Irish National Stud I went to the Aga Khan's chief stud at Sheshoon, where I was shown about £200,000 worth of yearlings. The most interesting were Dante's first two yearlings, both of whom will almost certainly run in the Oaks. It was interesting to learn, by the way, that Dante has now gone completely blind, a rare misfortune for so young a stallion. I also visited the stables of Captain Spencer-Freeman, who was one of Lord Beaverbrook's right-hand men in the Ministry of Aircraft Production, later going to the Board of Trade. He, too, has some beautiful and very well-bred yearlings by some of the Aga Khan's most famous stallions, like Turkhan.

Another experience was to dance and dine at the Kilcroney Country Club, the only place within fifteen miles of Dublin where there is a dinner-dance every night of the week. Except for the Gresham, which has a dance on Saturday night, none of the big hotels in Dublin has a dance orchestra, nor are there any night-clubs; though there are several big dance-halls where the young people flock nightly.

A visit to the biggest Irish police court, known as a "Custody Court," was most instructive. The procedure is almost exactly that of an English police court, but with certain obvious differences. The witnesses and defendants give evidence seated, and the Clerk of the Court takes no notes whatsoever. This means, of course, that if there is an appeal the whole case has to be re-tried, and there is no proof that either the police or the defendant are telling the same story as previously. One outcome of this is that the evidence is spoken so fast that it is hard to hear what is being said, particularly as this police court has bad acoustics. Another point is that the magistrate frequently announces that he is altering the police charge, thus, "I am striking out the charge of using threatening language." In the course of an hour-and-a-half no fewer than eight girls were charged with being common prostitutes. This is a more serious offence than in England. Though the first conviction is anything up to a 40s. fine, the second is no less than six months' imprisonment in Mountjoy without the option of a fine. Most of the other cases were the result of too much drink on the part of the defendants. Possibly some of them had been taking adulterated whisky. A shipload of Australian gin which has no smell, but is very potent, is being mixed with Irish whisky without the knowledge of the clients.

It so happened that there was not a single case of pick-pocketing, though in point of fact this form of petty crime, which has died out almost completely in England, is very rife over here.

Of two other very different experiences, the first was a lunch with the directors and a tour round Guinness's Brewery, the biggest in the world. I have been over breweries in England and Germany, but this is the granddaddy of them all.

The second was a visit to a ready-money betting shop. Goodness knows I am no purist, but these betting shops are a real menace. On the day I went, there was no racing in Ireland, and in England there was only a meeting at Chepstow. Nevertheless, all afternoon there were sixty or seventy men between the ages of twenty-one and eighty betting their heads off on animals they had never seen, and of whose form they were totally ignorant. The place reeked with tobacco-smoke and the floor was littered with scraps of paper. No doubt many of the gamblers were shift-workers who had an hour or two to spare, but the rest, one felt, ought to have been at work. It was all most unhealthy in every sense of the word. The Irish are terrible gamblers, as was proved by a news item in one of the Dublin papers yesterday to the effect that in the town of Birr, with a population of under 4,000, no fewer than 1,200 bets were struck in two hours on the day of the Grand National.

P.S.—There are 850 taxicabs in Dublin; these start at 1s. 6d. on the meter. There are also about 400 private car hire motor-cars which start at 3s. The latter are huge American motor-cars, the taxis are also American, though slightly less modern.

P.P.S.—All newspapers have twelve fat pages.

THERE IS PLENTY FOR ALL IN THE MARKETS OF DUBLIN: A typical scene in Moore Street, where the less well-to-do can be sure of obtaining all they need in the way of meat, groceries, fruit and vegetables. A shop on the right displays on a table prime cuts of bacon in abundance

CLOTHES ARE RATIONED IN DUBLIN AND PRICES ARE BY NO MEANS CHEAP: A shop window in one of the main streets of the capital. Seventy coupons a year is the allowance, and there is a big black market in the coupons. The passer-by is liable to be stopped by an urchin at the street corner and offered a supply

A FINE SIGHT FOR A HUNGRY WORLD: A typical butcher's display in the streets of Dublin. Rows of joints, spring lamb and prime veal, legs of pork and ribs of beef are there to be bought in any quantities, and the restaurants are never at a loss for juicy steaks. Visitors since the close of the war have not found prices particularly cheap; meat is very costly

"BORIS GODUNOV"

Mussorgsky's Original Version at the Royal Opera House

THE SOLARIUM IN THE CZAR'S PALACE IN THE KREMLIN: Wakhevitch's impressive set for Act II of "Boris Godunov"

THE CASTLE GARDEN: One of the Polish scenes—it is Scene II of Act III in the production at Covent Garden

THE CONFERENCE CHAMBER IN THE KREMLIN: Act IV, Scene I, is one of the most effective of the nine scenes

Boris Godunov was composed by Modeste Mussorgsky between October 1868 and May 1869, based on a drama by Pushkin. The opera was submitted to the Director of the Imperial Theatre in St. Petersburg the following year, but it was rejected and various alterations were made before it was first produced in 1873. Rimsky-Korsakov rescored the opera in 1896, and this, with the two scores of the original composer, have given rise to considerable argument as to the proper order of scenes in the last act. The Rimsky-Korsakov version (invariably used by Chaliapin) was used when *Boris Godunov* was first produced in England at Drury Lane. The present production is in four acts and nine scenes, ending with the death of Boris in the Kremlin, and finally the scene in the Forest of Kromy. The score is one published in Russia in 1928, based on the original Mussorgsky. The remarkably powerful costumes and settings are by Wakhevitch. The artist was born in Kiev, but went to Paris when he was sixteen years old, where he soon achieved fame as a film designer. Recently he completed his 200th film setting. He worked with Tchelitchev, but is best known in this country for his work on *Visiteurs du Soir*.

PAOLO SILVERI AS BORIS GODUNOV: The title-role of Mussorgsky's opera, a new production of the Covent Garden Opera Company. Paolo Silveri went back to Italy to study the part of Boris Godunov with Cirino, his father-in-law, one of Italy's most famous "Boris" and a close friend of Chaliapin, perhaps the most celebrated "Boris" of all time. The new production is young Peter Brook's first as a producer since he was appointed Director of Productions to the Covent Garden Opera Company. The cast includes Hubert Norville as Sciuisky; David Franklin as Pimenn; Edgar Evans as Dmitri; Constance Shacklock as Marina; Tom Williams as Rangoni; Edith Coates as The Hostess, and Richard Lewis as The Idiot

AN INN ON THE LITHUANIAN FRONTIER: Act I, Scene II, of *Boris Godunov* provides a good impression of Wakhevitch's powerful settings. The artist is Russian-born, but has lived in Paris since his sixteenth year

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

VULLIAMY'S VIEW OF BYRON

This is No Definitive Life of the Poet, but a Fascinating Mixture of the Wise and the Biased, the Funny and the Bitter

IF the character of Napoleon crosses the stage during the performance of a play, or appears for a minute or two on the screen during a film, then, even if the play or the film are about totally different people, they will lose most of their life and vitality. It will leave with Napoleon's exit, and the audience will be, even if it is subconsciously, waiting for him to appear again and paying less attention to the principal protagonists. That is a very old maxim in the entertainment world and, by the same token, something very like that happens in the world of reading when one is confronted with a stack of biographies, of which one is about Lord Byron. He takes precedence.

This week there is a remarkable biography by Mr. C. E. Vulliamy, a writer of considerable distinction whatever his subject, and now perfectly suited with this lively and controversial study of BYRON (Michael Joseph. 15s.). Any intelligent book about this poet must, of course, be controversial, and the more decided the point of view taken, the more spirited the arguments.

Mr. Vulliamy spends little time in discussing the quality of Byron's poetry, but he does give an excellent and valuable picture of the literary and social moods of Byron's days, and of the intellectual climate in which he wrote. All this "places" Byron's work, not necessarily in an entirely fresh light, but in a much clearer and more focused one. He discusses, again as every biographer must, the problem of Byron's relations with Augusta Leigh, and catalogues the best known of Byron's loves. I have seen them individually more tenderly treated in other books, but Mr. Vulliamy takes an objective view of them all and writes of them with a rather tart humour.

The most important chapters are the author's examination of the Byronic facts and legends: *Byronic Love* and *Byronic Friendship*, which are fresh in viewpoint and witty in exposition. It is hard to feel that there will ever be a definitive life of Byron written, and this certainly makes no claim to be that, but it is a fascinating mixture of the wise and the biased, the funny and the bitter, and it is graced by the writing of a man whose friendship Byron might have appreciated.

An honest adventurer would seem to be a contradiction in terms, but that is the biographer's description of John Law, a Scot who, like so many of his compatriots, left his own country to become a financial power in another. In Law's case it was France in which he had his first great success, at the beginning of the eighteenth century, as a minister, and it was there that he propounded his theory about paper money. It was in 1715, in the Palais Royal, that someone mentioned the Philosopher's Stone in conversation with him.

To the surprise of all present Law said he had discovered it. "I can tell you my secret," continued the financier. "It is to make gold out of paper." "With paper," they sneered sceptically. "It 's all very well to say that, but when shall we see this masterpiece?" Law looked at his questioner and replied gravely: "In about three or four years."

It was also Law, according to Mr. H. Montgomery Hyde, who coined the word millionaire, and Law who promoted the Mississippi Company of his day. It seems that the author has chosen an appropriate title in THE AMAZING STORY OF JOHN LAW (Home and Van Thal. 16s.). The book has been printed in Holland.

Henry Handel Richardson has been, without any question, one of the most powerful of the women writers of our days, although it might be said that her name is not as widely or, in a sense, as popularly known as that of four other authoresses writing in English. She was born in Australia, of Irish and English parents, in 1870, and died in England, where she had lived for forty years, in 1946. Her major work is probably *The Fortunes of Richard Mahony*, but she has always been one of those authors who evade classification or facile pigeon-holing.

Before she died, Henry Handel Richardson began her autobiography, planning to bring it up to the year 1903, when she and her husband came here to live, but her strength failed her when she was working on the events of the year 1895, and from there this moving document is carried on by a friend, and is rounded off by a critical essay on her art by Professor J. G. Robertson, who was her husband.

MYSELF WHEN YOUNG (Heinemann. 10s. 6d.) is the most unpretentious and the most revealing of autobiographical fragments. "I propose to jot down a few facts about myself," wrote its author, "and memories of my childhood, which may possibly be of interest to some who have read my books." Modestly planned, and executed with exquisite honesty, that is the book as it stands, and there will be few younger writers—or readers—whom it will not affect with its discipline and humour.

TWENTIETH-CENTURY EMPIRE (Faber and Faber. 15s.) has been written by Mr. H. V. Hodson, a newspaper man in the most exact sense of the term, an economist and a Fellow of All Souls. There are accordingly a number of qualities which one might have a right to expect in any of his published works. It may be the newspaper man in him which causes him to open his book with the line: "The map of the world on Mercator's Projection is a cheat and a deceiver." It is probably the economist in him which inspires the chapter on *A Twentieth-century Commonwealth*, and it is just possibly his capacity as Fellow which stimulated the writing of *The Thin Red Line* and *The Thick Red Tape*. Taking it by and large—and seriously—it is a timely book and, at the very least, should start some active discussions.

It is a real, one might almost say, a solid delight to find a new book by Mr. Frank S. Smythe on the subject of his beloved and familiar mountains. AGAIN SWITZERLAND (Hodder and Stoughton. 20s.) is a joy in its good humour, good sense and observation.

Novels and short stories this week are from French, Chinese, English and American writers, which may in part compensate for our very limited ability to travel. WOMAN WITHOUT LOVE (Bodley Head. 9s. 6d.) is, basically, the story of a woman of normal aptitudes and more than ordinary beauty who has disciplined herself into a coldness of heart and of mind that eventually repels her lovers and her husbands.

M. Andre Maurois, translated here by Miss Joan Charles, writes with his customary suavity about a far from likeable character. This is a very accomplished novel.

KNOCK ON ANY DOOR (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is a novel of violence, both in the manner of its telling and in its subject, for Mr. Willard Motley is dealing with the back streets of Chicago; not with the big gangs of the prohibition area or later, but with the boys and young men of mixed nationality and unmixed lawlessness who are at the core of the problem of juvenile delinquency there.

Young Nick, whose story this chiefly is, begins as altar boy in a Catholic church, and ends, still quite young, in the electric chair. In the few years of his life he has been hardened, felt himself cheated and known himself trapped. This is an unpleasant, strong and disturbing book.

From America, too, comes a very different novel, COUNTRY PLACE (Michael Joseph. 9s. 6d.), a story of a few post-war days in a small Connecticut town, when a severe storm is paralleled by an outburst among the apparently mild inhabitants, who reveal themselves successively in strange lights and with strange foibles. Miss Ann Petry writes with an admirable balance, forcing none of the situations.

THE CHINESE EARTH (Allen and Unwin. 9s. 6d.) is a collection of stories by Shen Tseng-Wen, translated by Ching Ti and Robert Payne, the latter well known to readers here. Each of the fourteen tales is a picture which, the translators point out, is true to the real China, and to its people as they really are.

THE PRESS ONCE OPERATED BY JOHANNES GUTENBERG IS IN ACTION AGAIN AT THE MUNICH PRESS EXHIBITION: Here the printer, in old-time costume, is taking a proof for the Governor of Bavaria, Murray D. Van Wagoner. The press works on the lever principle, and after the tympan (left) has been folded down on to the type bed, the bed is winched beneath the platen and the impression taken. This Gutenberg press was in operation in the middle of the fifteenth century, but nearly 300 years later the press used by Benjamin Franklin differed but little, and it was not until 1800 that Earl Stanhope brought in his metal hand-press

MUSIC CRITICS THROUGH THE AGES

The critic, in most literary or artistic fields, as often as not finds himself in the unenviable role of destroyer. Like the hangman, he usually passes unrecognised, and there is no love wasted upon him. The critic, when moved to praise, is obviously a more popular figure; he is the incense-bearer of the great and the would-be great. In music, at any rate, he has in the course of two centuries, by the constructive and responsible nature of his efforts and by his own erudition, won for himself a definite place in musical society. Eduard Hamlick, in Vienna; Paul Marsop, in Munich; Huneker and Gilman in New York, and Ernest Newman, in London, are models of that integrity which have won that place. In COMPOSER AND CRITIC (Chapman and Hall. 16s.) Max Graf, who knew the great of Vienna at the turn of the century, and has many a tale to tell of Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Bruckner and Hugo Wolf, traces the history of musical criticism over 200 years. He is an enthralling guide, and is at his best perhaps in his description of the turbulence of the fight against Wagner and in his account of some of the early conflicts between critic and composer, notably that titanic battle between Johann Sebastian Bach and Johann Adolf Scheibe. Turning to modern times, Bernard Shaw, who played the clown, cracking jokes and doing verbal somersaults, "while the solemn experts sat at concerts with knitted brows and long faces," is described as a masterful critic, despite his "window dressing." Max Graf makes abundantly plain the changing nature of criticism. Once it was leisurely. The critic wrote essentially for the world of music; he could theorise at will. Nowadays he writes for the vast readership of the Press; it must be his endeavour to make this branch of art the common property of all. On this note the author ends his 200-year-long survey, and no one who reads this book at a sitting, and there will be not a few, will deny that Max Graf himself lacks the qualities he demands in the new generation of critics. Immersed as he is in his great subject, his prose is ebullient and, withal, crystal clear.

And now for musical contrast: an excursion to the "deep south," birthplace of the blues, into Chicago's South Side and the dives of New York. Eddie Condon has written his own life-story, with the help of Thomas Sugrue, under the title of WE CALLED IT MUSIC (Peter Davies. 12s. 6d.). This is the story of a life dedicated to jazz, written with enthusiasm and without a scrap of dignity. Psalm xxxiii, Verse 3, is quoted opposite the title-page, "Sing unto Him a new song; play skilfully with a loud noise," and with this biblical quotation to reassure us of the righteousness of the way, Messrs. Condon and Sugrue take the reader whirling through a generation of "hot numbers." We meet "the pioneer practitioners of the only American art form"; most people will find it a veritably shattering experience.

Elizabeth Jenkins's biography of Jane Austen is now republished (Gollancz. 12s. 6d.). It is hard to believe that a better "Life" will ever be written. Here is a well-nigh perfect arrangement of material; one, indeed, that would have done credit to Jane Austen herself, for no one had greater skill in deploying within a limited field. It coincides with the publication of the excellent Chawton edition by Allan Wingate. The six volumes are published in a box at 63s., and include *Pride and Prejudice*, *Sense and Sensibility*, *Mansfield Park*, *Emma*, *Persuasion* and *Love and Friendship* (in one volume), *Northanger Abbey* and *The Watsons* (in one volume).

As a writer of humour, irony and invective, Jonathan Swift had few equals. In the realm of verse he was less accomplished, sometimes drifting into obscenity, but his lines on his own death belong essentially to our poetic heritage. They are quoted at length in JONATHAN SWIFT: A COLLECTION OF POEMS (Grey Walls Press. 3s. 6d.), and they afford us at least some clue to the enigmatic personality of a very unhappy but very great man. A less successful reprint is SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND EXPERIENCE (Falcon Press. 5s.). Here the poems are reproduced in facsimile, with their attendant designs, thus enabling the reader to study the text in the way that Blake intended, but, unfortunately, the reproductions are unsatisfactory.

Three books for the naturalist and the nature lover commend themselves this week: WHAT THE COUNTRYMAN WANTS TO KNOW, by Fred Kitchen and Clifford Greatorex (Victor Gollancz. 8s. 6d.): TRAVELLING NATURALIST, by Anthony Buxton (Collins. 10s. 6d.) and PHILANDERING ANGLER, by Arthur Applin (Hurst and Blackett. 12s. 6d.). Major Buxton and Arthur Applin are both engaging writers with something of the soothing, bedside manner in their technique. Major Buxton takes us fishing, hunting, stalking and shooting in Essex and Asia Minor, the Pyrenees and Hampshire. Arthur Applin's pursuits are not quite so varied; he just likes to wander with a rod and line by the banks of rivers, and, being a born raconteur with a sense of humour, his pen lends enchantment to these journeyings.

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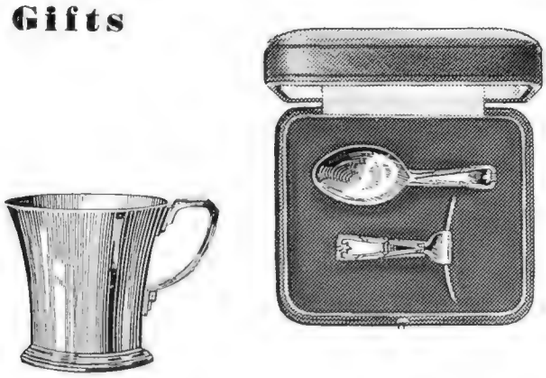

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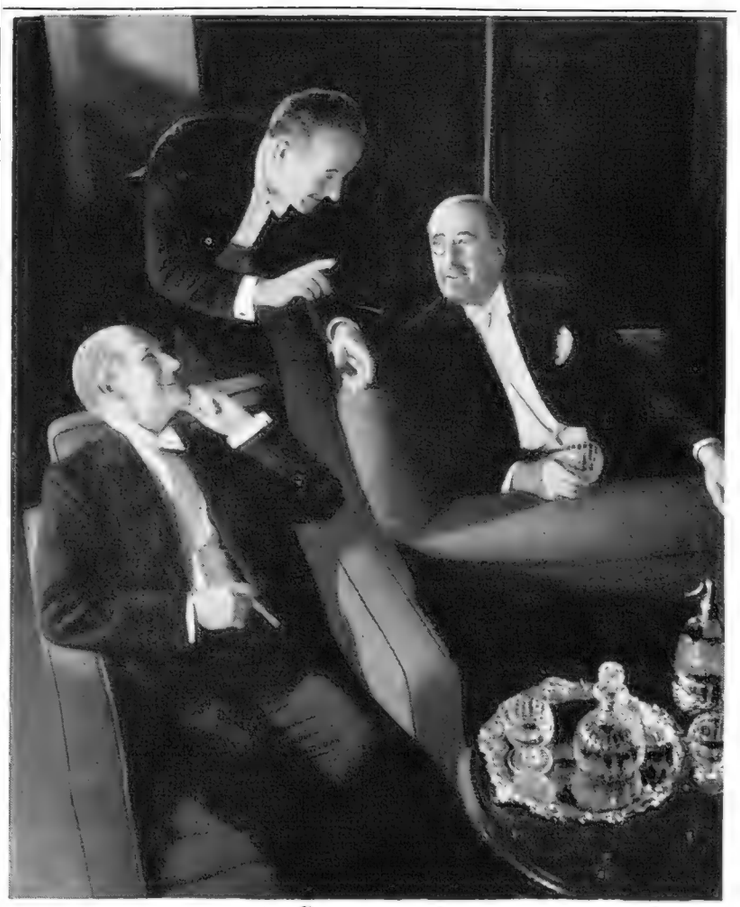

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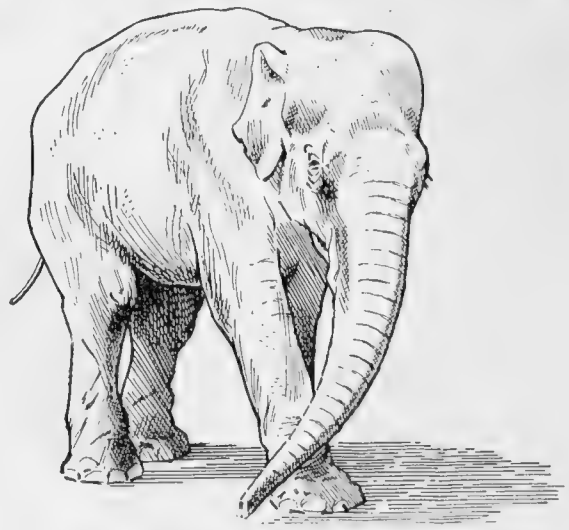

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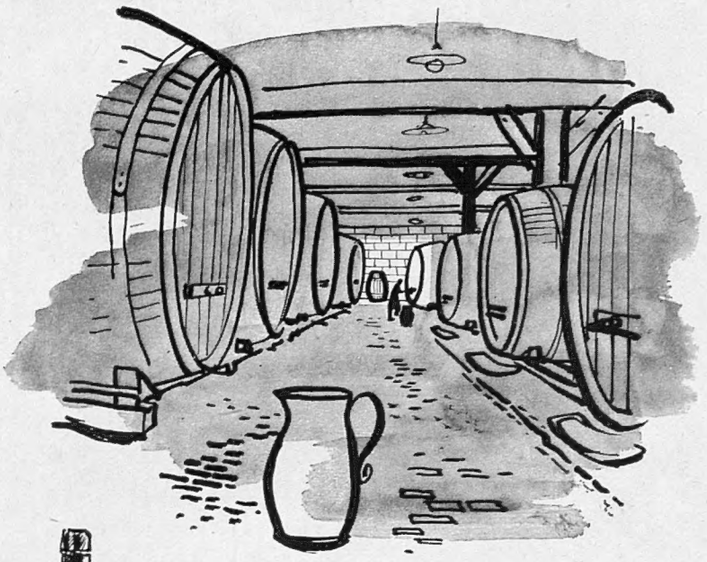
Estd. 1742

WHITBREAD

Brewers of Ale and Stout



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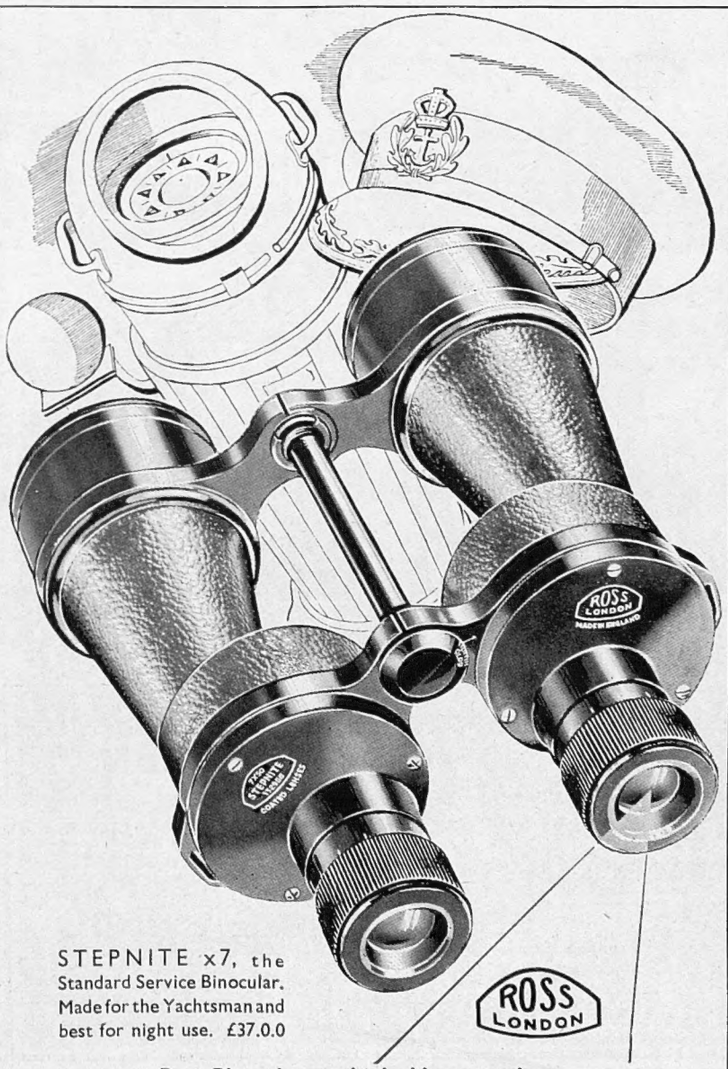

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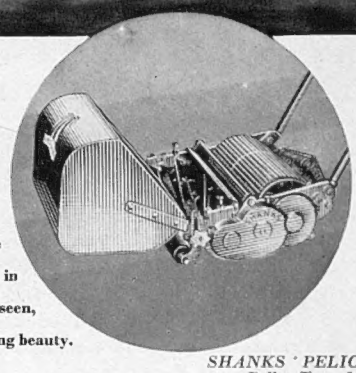

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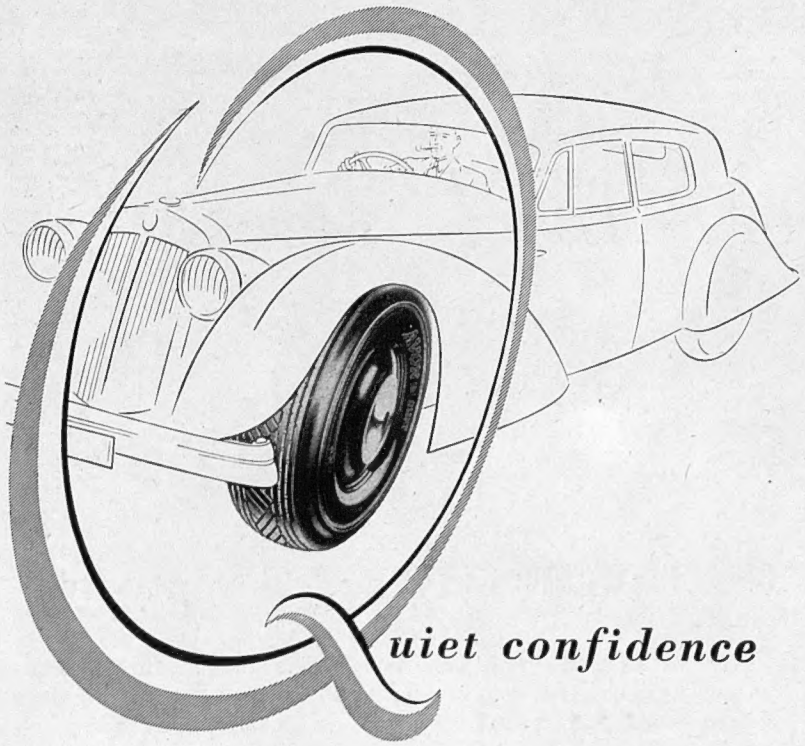

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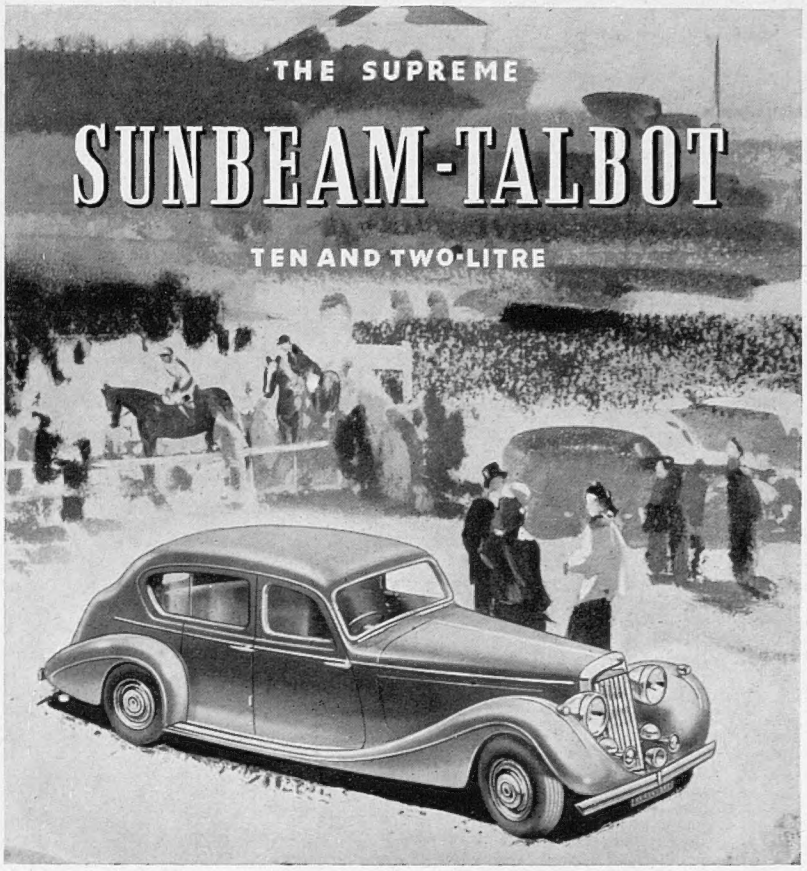

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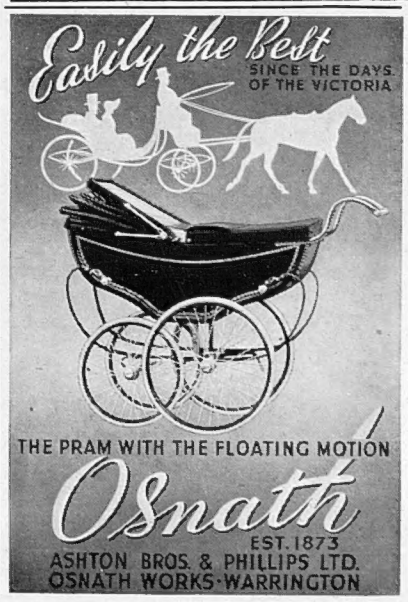

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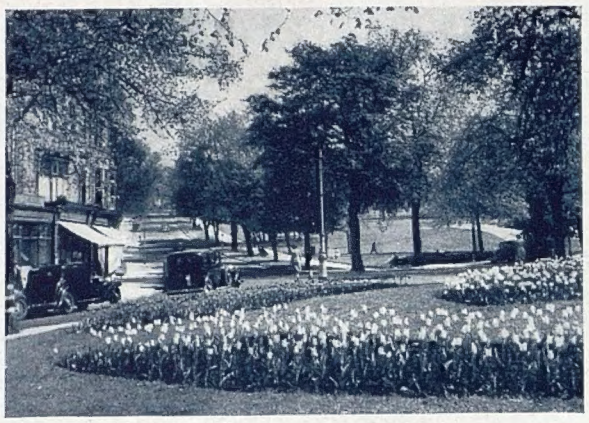

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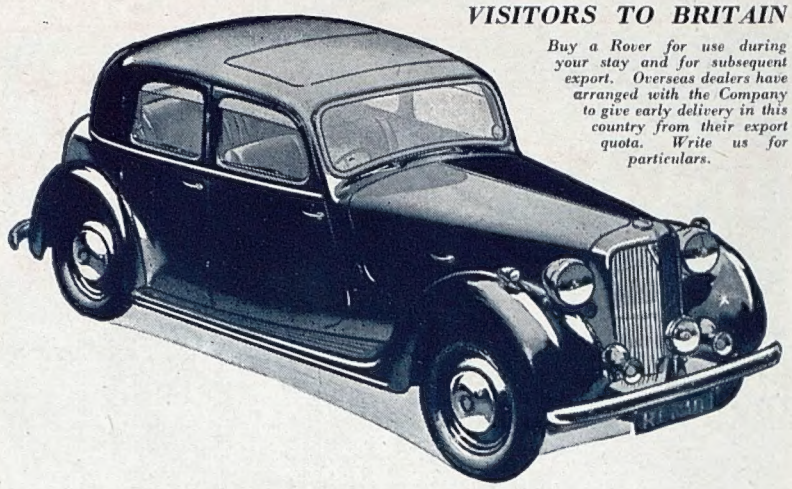

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